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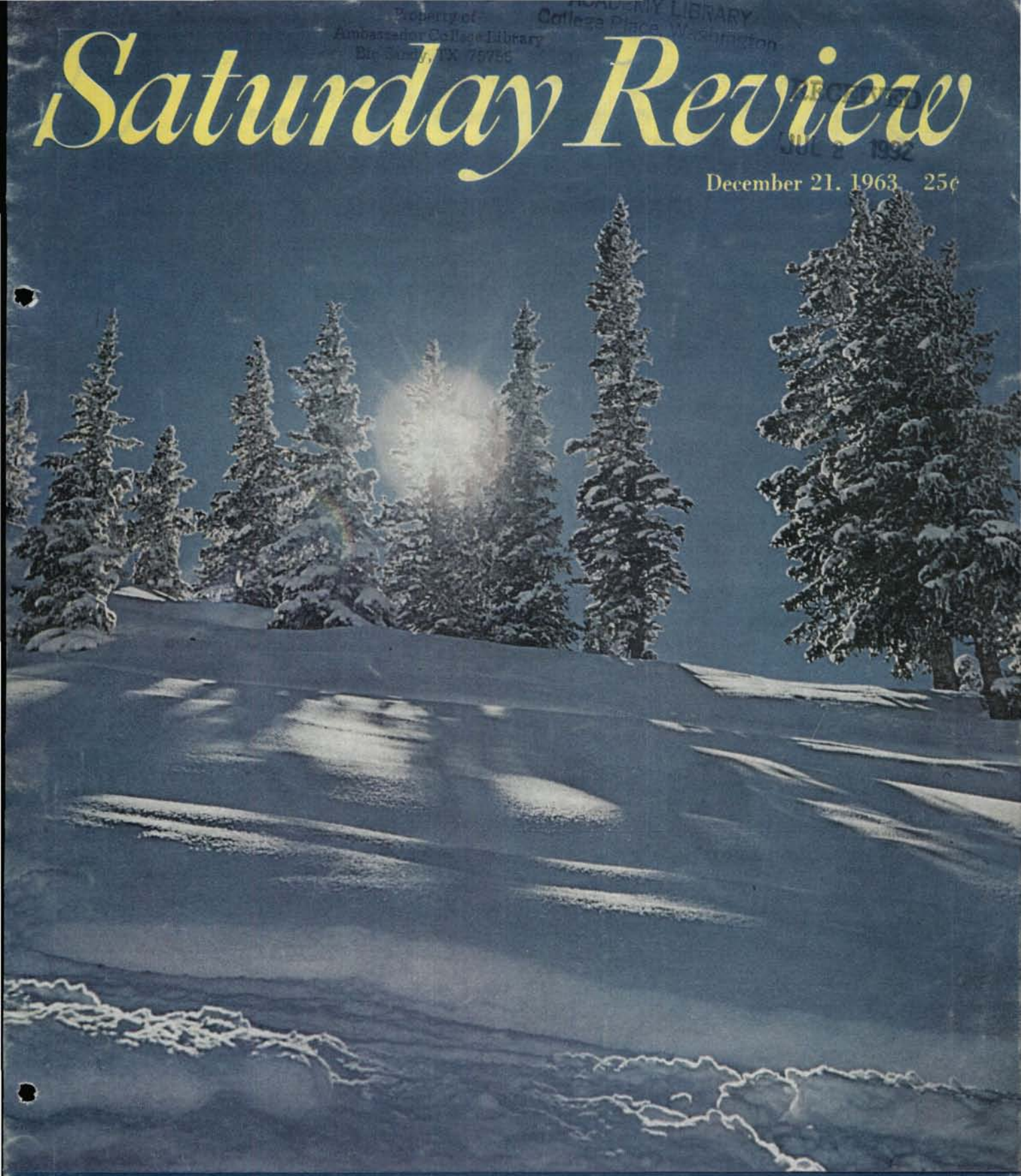

ASPEN: A NEW DAY FOR THE HUMANIT

By John Scanlon

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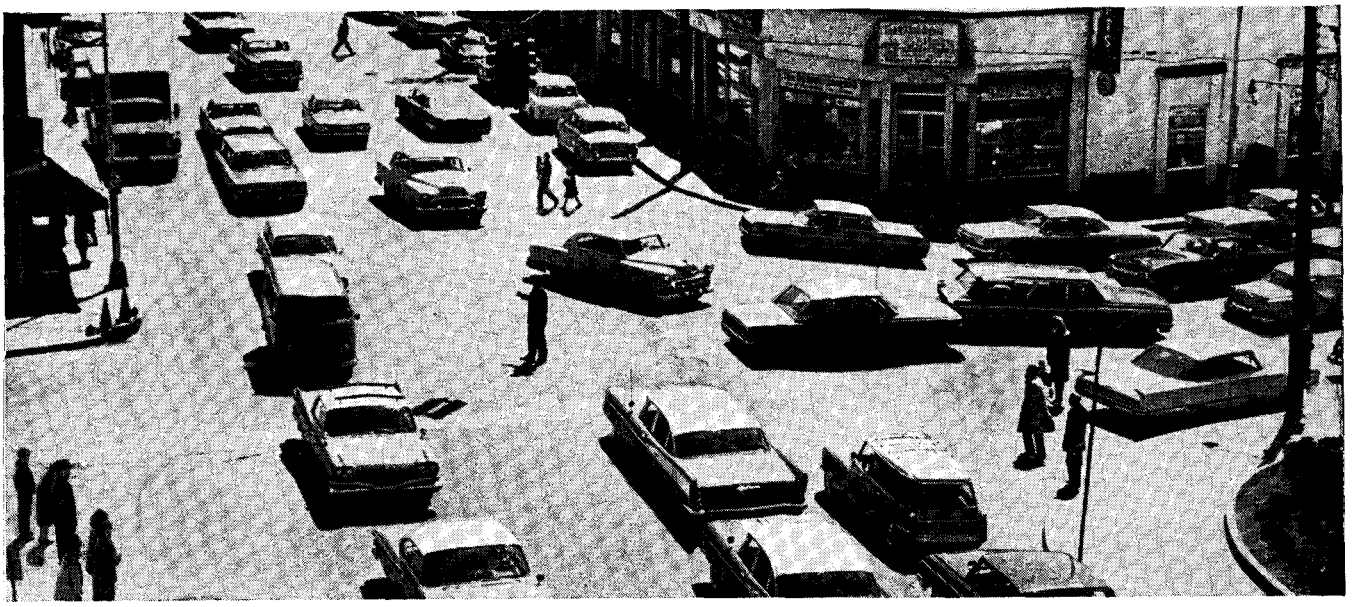

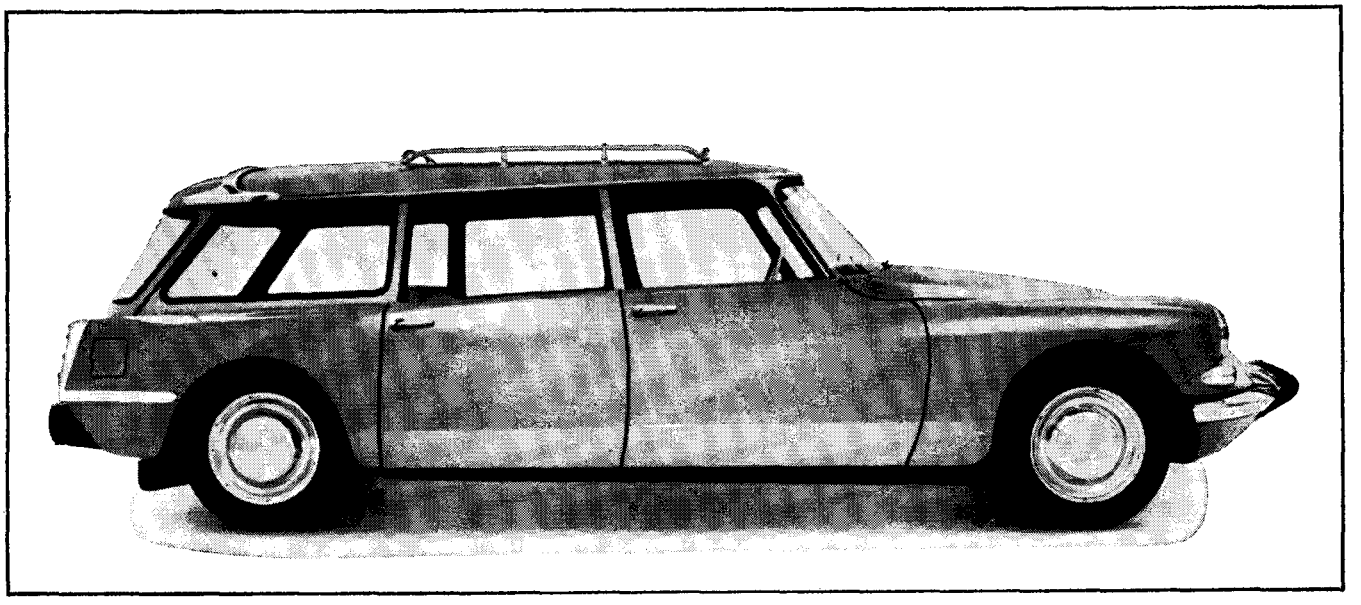

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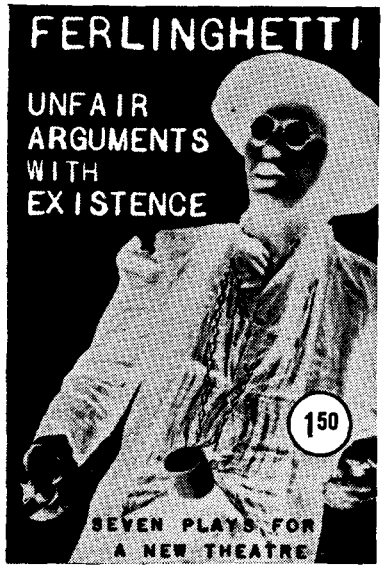

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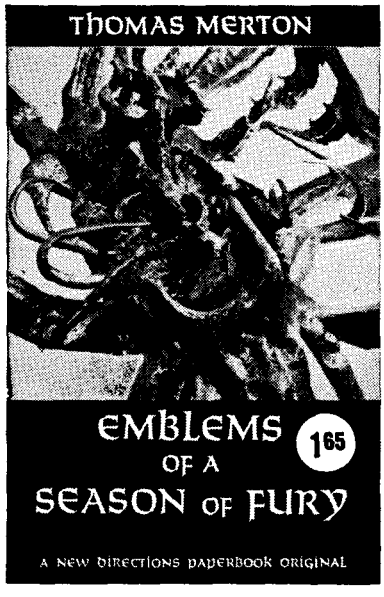

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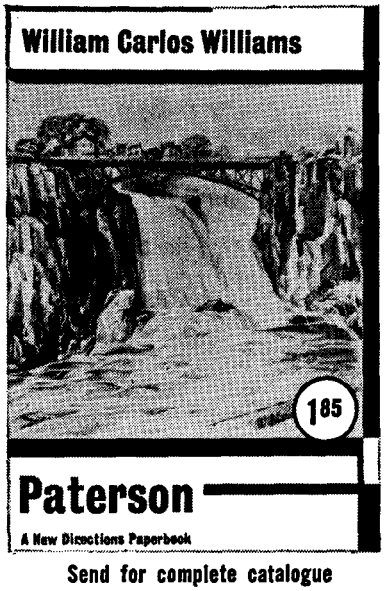

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December 21, 1963

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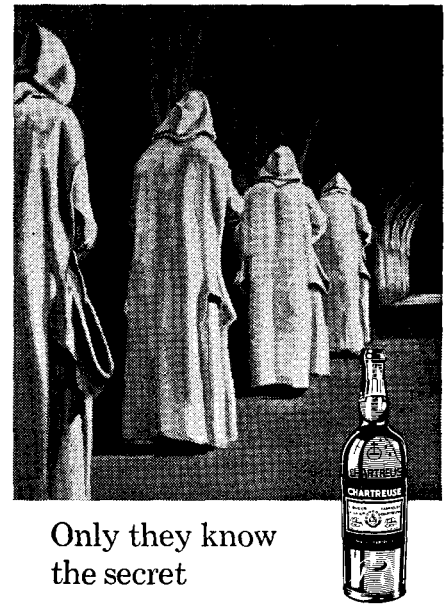

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An open letter to Saturday Review readers from Roger Stevens

Stevens Productions, Inc. 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

November 26, 1963

Dear Saturday Review Reader:

At lunch recently, Saturday Review's Publisher and I were discussing the terrible ordeal the average person faces in getting tickets to outstanding Broadway shows.

There is no point in going into all the difficulties that confront the ticket buyer ... or the reasons why. Nor can we expect to reform the theatre overnight. The fact remains that theatregoers cannot simply decide to see a particular show, and then go out to see it. There's generally an obstacle course to conquer first -- despite the fact that good seats are generally available..

As we spoke, it occurred to me that Saturday Review readers represented an unusually literate and discerning group of theatregoers ... a group that could quickly prove or disprove the validity of an idea I have had to provide choice seats for choice shows -- with no red tape, no increase in box-office prices.

My idea -- and I hope you will think well of it -- is to reserve a block of choice seats exclusively for Saturday Review readers at those shows with which I am affiliated: THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE, A CASE OF LIBEL and MARY, MARY.

I don't think I need to go into details about these plays. Each has been reviewed in these pages, discussed wherever theatregoers gather. However, I should like to point out that all three productions should be particularly enjoyable for Saturday Review readers because they respect your intelligence and good taste.

All you need do to get seats to any or all of my three current shows is fill out the House Seat Orders below and bring or mail them directly to the theatres. No standing in line. You are guaranteed choice seats at regular box-office prices.

This new plan is a challenge -- for me and Saturday Review theatregoers. If response is as good as I hope, both of us will benefit and I'll be coming back to you with opportunities to enjoy other leading attractions in the future.

Sincerely,

Roger L Stevens

Roger Stevens

House Seat Order

THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE

For_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zone_____

No. of seats_____

Date_____ ☐ Matinee perf. ☐ Evening perf.

Prices (orchestra)
Eves. Mon.-Thur. $6.90 Fri. and Sat. $7.50
Mats. Wed. $4.80 Sat. $5.40

Amt. enclosed $_____

MOROSCO THEATRE
217 W. 45th Street, New York 10036

House Seat Order

A CASE OF LIBEL

For_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zone_____

No. of seats_____

Date_____ ☐ Matinee perf. ☐ Evening perf.

Prices (orchestra)
Eves. Mon.-Thur. $6.90 Fri. and Sat. $7.50
Mats. Wed. $4.80 Sat. $5.40

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LONGACRE THEATRE
220 W. 48th Street, New York 10036

House Seat Order

MARY, MARY

For_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zone_____

No. of seats_____

Date_____ ☐ Matinee perf. ☐ Evening perf.

Prices (orchestra)
Eves. Mon.-Thur. $6.90 Fri. and Sat. $7.50
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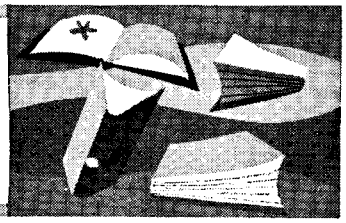
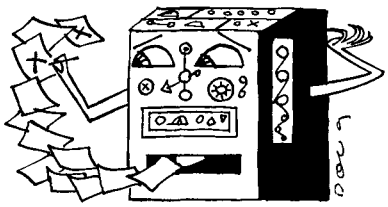
Trade Winds



It happened the other day on one of those huge jets that wings across the continent. A businessman with a wry sense of the incongruous boarded the plane in New York and was soon airborne. He unfastened his seat belt and looked around. There were two or three stewardesses, a purser, and through the open door of the flight deck he could see a couple of pilots, a co-pilot, and a flight engineer. Otherwise, he was the only person aboard. There were 100 empty seats!

He wandered back to the pantry, picked up the intercom microphone, pressed the button and growled,

"Good morning. This is your passenger speaking."



Not long ago the American Economic Association sent out the following explanation and apology:

"Some two years ago, we decided to automate by transferring our records to cards. Unfortunately, the data processing company which contracted to process our cards made so many mistakes that we have been unable to keep up with our correspondence with members and subscribers, including yourself, who failed to receive copies of the *American Economic Review*, were inadvertently dropped from the mailing list, and whose payments were not recorded. . . . We have just returned to our former system of record keeping and, based on our earlier experience, do not anticipate similar difficulties in the future."

A short note I received from Gilad Desheh, eleven years of age, goes as follows:

"Here is a little piece of news that you might be interested in for your halarious page in *Saturday Review*. Recent statistics have proved that 90 per cent of chain smokers prefer cigarettes to chains!"

They are still spending money for those unwritten books, as I mentioned some months ago. This time Paul Nathan of *Publishers' Weekly* reported that Irving Wallace's next novel, *The Man*, is in the form of "ideas being carried around in the privacy of the author's head." Yet Fawcett has forked over more than 300 grand for paperback rights. And Norman Mailer's untitled and unwritten next novel brought him a non-returnable advance from Dial and Dell of $125,000.

I'm sorry I'm late with this information. Mrs. Pansye Powell last spring asked her fourth period creative writing class at Abington, Pennsylvania High School to twist some quotes for practice. Here are some the boys and girls came up with:

Home is where the car isn't.

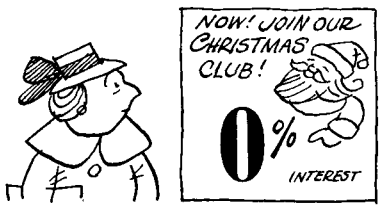
Where there's a will, there's a way to break it.

How do I love thee? Let me count the dollars.

Believing is seeing it the teacher's way.

How many of the thousands of books published do more than entertain, inform, or enlighten? How many of them actually move or change the course of civilization? How many of them prove the power of the written word? Right now I am not thinking in cosmic terms, perhaps, for I have in mind Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*. It seems to me that this is an example of how a book can literally move a nation to action.

Offhand, I can think of *Silent Spring* as another example of the effect of a book on more than just bookseller and reader. John Hersey's *Hiroshima* is probably the book that has the most widespread influence on the world's attitude toward atomic war. Whether or not it altered things—as funerals and the use of chemicals have been altered—I am not sure. What other books can be said to have had such an effect?



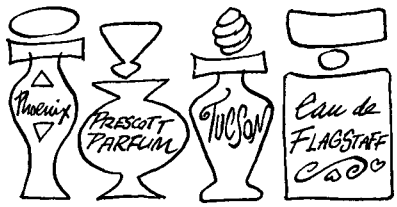
Sharps and Flats: In the December issue of *Pageant* magazine Harold Mehling reports that if Christmas Clubs paid interest their members would be richer at the end of each year by $14,625,000.

► Charles E. Merrill Books, Inc. has just published a *Directory of Scientific Institutions in the USSR*. It is the first of its kind ever published. It must be an extremely useful book, for the Soviet Embassy in Washington has sent an order.

► It was a shock in this day and age to receive a copy of a weekly paper called *First Segregation News*. It is published in Hazelton, Idaho, but it's not a hate sheet. It's harmless. As Juneau Shinn of KLIX explained to me, the name of the forty-seven-year-old publication stems from the fact that in that irrigated section of the country water was originally parceled out to land units as it became available. The initial tract was called "the first segregation," and so forth.

► The slogan of Young Publications, Appalachia, Virginia, is: "A book of poetry in your home is an indication of culture."

► Jack McKinnon has a friend who made a trip to Arizona, buying bottles of perfume in Tucson, Phoenix and many other towns for his girl friend. When he returned and showed her the gifts, however, she grew angry with him because he had no scents of Yuma.



► Arnold Hartigan, Sr., tells me that Billy Sol has a cousin, Edward Estes, who stuck with him through thick and thin. He became known as Faithful Ed —or, in Latin, Ed Estes, Fidelis.

► In Elizabeth, New Jersey, a young student unhappily complained to teacher George Raftery that all his friends had received invitations to visit the school psychologist but he hadn't. "What's the matter with me?" he asked.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1549)

A. Chennault:
A Thousand Springs

Once when I talked badly of my poor cousin, Mother said to me, "A lady should always be kind." She said more, that it was not where one came from, or how far one came, that counted: It was the direction that one took and whether one ever found the right road in life.

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Edited by Martin Levin

The Best Thing That Never Happened

I'M hoping that some year someone will sit down and compile a review of *what did not happen* in the previous twelve months. If anyone gets around to this for 1963, I can supply him with a genuinely notable non-event with which to get started. It is not only notable; it is, to my mind, the best thing that never happened.

Here it is: Mrs. G.L., of Taylor, Michigan, did not write her novel.

You have never heard of Mrs. G.L.? I hadn't either, until I spotted a large newspaper ad for a new anti-perspirant. The ad carried numerous testimonials, one of which was Mrs. G.L.'s.

"I could write a novel," she said, "about all the miserable embarrassing days I have had in the past due to perspiration."

I have made a spot check with several leading publishers—and some following ones too—and unless someone is holding out on me, Mrs. G.L.'s novel was not written. Perhaps she was too busy. I gather from her testimonial, only the first part of which I have quoted above, that since her discovery of the new product, she is caught up in a great whirl of social engagements, or whatever it is that whirls in Taylor, Michigan. She does report that she feels "like a new person living a new life," and I'm happy for her.

If she had really wanted to write the novel, though, she would of course have found time for the project. It is typical of non-writers (and a damned good thing for us writers) that while they frequently say that they "could" write, they never do. (The French have a saying about that, but it contains a reflexive verb, so I shall not attempt to quote it. I could write a novel about all the miserable embarrassing days I have had in the past due to reflexive verbs.)

Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps Mrs. G.L. *is* a writer. She did, after all, manage to write a testimonial, although the chances are fair that some ad agency ghost supplied her with the characters, the setting, the plot, and the resolution. It could well be that she actually started her novel, but was forced to give it up for lack of a suitable title. Anyone giving it a few moments' thought—and that's about all I recommend—will discover that most of the really good titles have already been used: *Arms and the Man, All the Young Summer Days, Problems of World Disarmament, The Way of All Flesh, A Tale of a Tub, Fail-Safe,* and *The Pit and the Pendulum.* But literary titles cannot be copyrighted, and if Mrs. G.L. ever does get around to her novel, I suggest she might consider the re-use of an Abingdon Press title published this fall. It is J. K. Morris's *My Strength and My Shield.*

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

The Literary Life

Lamentation

(Lord, Deliver Us from VistaVision)

O Lord, I'm sick of movies about nuns,
And I haven't even seen all of them.
They range from plain old clay feet
To Deborah of the gorgeous red hair.

A starry-eyed Bergman kayoed a little boy
While Claudette set sail in a flat-bottomed boat.
I saw Audrey cringe against a later-to-be-leaped-over-wall
Every time her Superior passed her in the hall.
("Sister, could you ever live in a treehouse with a monkey?")
And a flower-faced fille, eyelids at half mast,
Fell on her knees every time *her* Superior passed.

I've seen them mollify and jollify old misers;
I've seen them neurotic and/or exotic;
The gamut's from the glorified Girl Scout
To—shipwrecked on a desert isle—
Who'd be without
One? ("Sister, did *you* ever go any place by boat?")

My flesh crawls with the word Viridiana.

O, Hollywood, may I paraphrase?
The *cloister* is our oyster

Could we try a quiet, even semi-true
Little film in black and white—
Maybe a silent one? (No organ, please.)

Starring a plain-jane heroine,
A normal heroine,
Loving and serving her God
With unplucked eyebrows and uncapped teeth.
Not good box-office, you say?

Exactly.

O Lord, we only promised You to be good—
Not good box-office.
Deliver us from Hollywood.
Amen.

—SISTER ROSE ALICE, S.S.J.

"*Sure* you can! Now I'll tell you what I want!"

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By Marshall W. Fishwick

Diagnosing the American Dream

A historian asks a central question about a time of historic change: Should we guard the fort or abandon it for the frontier?

THE PLAY's the thing: it holds the mirror up to man. What, in our time and culture, does it show?

Sounds, syntax, and logic jumbled beyond recognition. Anything can and does happen. In Samuel Beckett's plays, a man sits on nothing identifiable, which exists in a gray space. The whole world crawls from left to right along an invisible track. One character resembles the square root of 2. Twenty-eight people yearn for the day when their combined total ages will be exactly 1,000 years. Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs* is concerned with the absence of people, of matter, and of God. In Edward Albee's *The Sandbox* the Angel of Death saunters by in a swimming suit. *The Blacks,* by Jean Genet, depicts three cloaked Negroes who imitate whites. The Butcher in Arnold Weinstein's *The Red Eye of Love* busies himself building a skyscraper out of used meat.

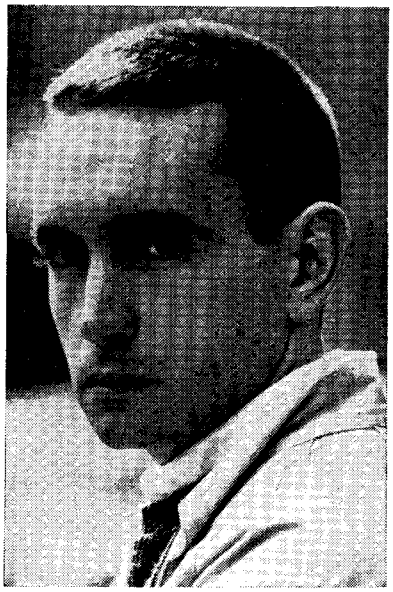
In the Theatre of the Absurd we get (to quote Richard Barr) "a distorted picture of a world that has gone mad—in order to break the old mold of language and narrative sequence in the theatre and to emphasize the mystery and truth." Edward Albee puts it this way: "Man attempts to make sense out of his senseless position in a world that makes no sense. The social structures man has erected to 'illusion' himself have collapsed." No wonder plays by Albee and other like-minded iconoclasts baffle, enrage, and entertain us. They form a vital sector of the central argument being waged in today's intellectual world.

The Great Debate of our time rages between what might, in a general way, be called the traditionalists and the existentialists. The former insist on keeping the inherited house tidy; the latter on discarding it and building anew. That we face unprecedented political and intellectual crises, no one denies. But what should our response and attitude be? Should we guard the fort or abandon it for the frontier?

Always important, the question of change has suddenly become paramount. Knowledge increases faster than we can absorb it. The world changes as we walk on it. The greatest turning point in human history, of which we have any record, has occurred within the twentieth century. Instead of space and time, we confront spacetime, curved around the stars. Having invaded infinity, we hear everywhere sounds in pursuit of silence. In such a total crisis, tradition loses the force of compulsion. Ancient values are

"Man attempts to make sense out of his senseless position . . .

Beckett



Albee

Ionesco

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radically altered or else scrapped like World War II bombers.

Anguished apprehension has brought us, in fear and trembling, to accept the paradoxicality or absurdity of the universe. Obsessed with the specter of annihilation, we have "rediscovered" poets like Rilke, novelists like Melville, philosophers like Kierkegaard, whose comment on old-style system-builders sums up our modern dilemma in a sentence: "Most systematizers stand in the same relation to their systems as the man who builds a great castle and lives in the adjoining barn."

Existentialism has rapidly become a major force in the twentieth century. Some claim its origins are rooted in the ancient Greeks; others that it springs from early poets like François Villon, and after him Rabelais and Montaigne; still others see it as a reaction against the rationalism that dominated Western thought from Descartes through Hegel. Whatever its origins, it has spilled out of the philosophic mold into literature, drama, theology, history, and mass media. Existentialism, in the rather loose sense in which it is used here, is not so much a system as a protest against systematizing. Particularly in the physical sciences, "laws" and "certainties" of the Newtonian world have been superseded. "To what appeared to be the simplest question," J. Robert Oppenheimer writes in *Science and the Common Understanding*, "we now tend to give either no answer or an answer which will at first sight sound like a strange catechism."

This "strange catechism" attempts to analyze the great emptiness of modern life; the nothingness that lies curled at the heart of being like a worm. Existence is action and involvement. Haunted by the gnawing passion to thwart meaninglessness, man gravitates toward ruts, pigeonholes, and fantasies. "Stop it!" existentialists cry. "Only when you struggle are you human. The uncommitted life isn't worth living."

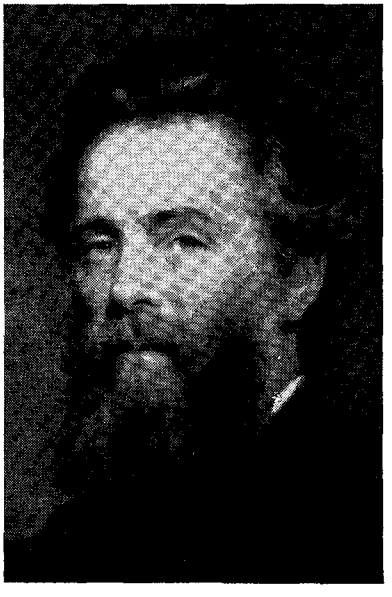
The real enemy is inauthentic existence. Its hallmarks are abstractions, circumlocutions, pomposity. Meaning emerges only in the struggle between creativity and inquisition. "A creative period in art," Albert Camus wrote, "can be defined as an order of style applied to the disorder of an age." And again, in a poignant description of modern man's plight: "I have always felt that I lived on the high seas, menaced, at the heart of a royal happiness."

Existentialism's diagnosis has striking relevance in contemporary America. Wrapped in an ethnocentric cocoon, we find ourselves acting as if today's values were permanent fixtures. We are serious about trivialities (electric toothbrushes, sports cars, hair-dos), trivial about reality (life, encounter, death). We insist on convenient categorical pegs on which to hang every conception; despise uncertainty and disorder; and impose both certainty and order where none exists. So it is in suburbia, the market place, the university. Instead of real education we offer adjustment, pressing pliant human beings into patterns, filling curricula with supermarket knowledge conveniently packaged and labeled. Pat answers masquerade as truth. Some bewildered intellectuals have retreated to the eighteenth century's excessive adulation for reason. Fighting flux with formalism, they are reconciled to superficiality in every phase of life. And having only one life to live, our frightened females decide they might as well live it as a blonde.

We accord ultimate meaning to the useful, but refuse to ask: useful for what? Increasingly we find ourselves being transformed into things—cogs in the universal system of organized production and consumption. We tend to

. . . in a world that makes no sense."

Kierkegaard



Melville

Rilke

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be lonely in crowds, trapped in organizations, entranced by status symbols. Life seems like getting a mailbag full of second-class matter. Hence W. H. Auden's caustic invitation:

> Come to our well run desert
> Where anguish comes by cable
> And the deadly sins can be bought
> in tins
> With instructions on the label.

In more and more areas of American life the ability or even advisability of promulgating airtight theories and infallible propositions is being questioned. Better honest doubt than dishonest certainty. Thus Robert A. Dahl describes the contemporary concept of power:

> We are not likely to produce—certainly not for some considerable time to come—anything like a consistent, coherent "theory." We are much more likely to produce a variety of theories of limited scope, each of which employs some definition that is useful in the context of the particular piece of research or theory but different in important respects from the definitions of other studies.

This viewpoint has also been expressed by "realists" in the field of political theory—Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Lippmann, Hans Morgenthau, George Kennan, and Kenneth Thompson. Learn to resist the great American impatience; live with ambiguities and avoid generalizations. Look behind the verbiage for real issues and positions. Make possibilities the function of actuality; but never consider actuality the only possibility.

In a more bizarre and less articulate way, "beats," hipsters, and sick comedians make the same basic points. Disgusted with a slick, sentimental, cultural veneer, they stand outside the culture, just as existential dramatists are off Broadway. The Outsider theme, stretching back to the days of Job, Ulysses, and Beowulf, seems to have special relevance and poignancy in our time. Being "way out" has replaced being "in" as the expression of social acceptance. In the world of intellect, externalism has become an established orthodoxy.

Outness is the beatnik's professed glory. He is neither discouraged nor deterred by critics who see him as a puerile fellow whose way of life permanently consecrates narcissism and gestures of adolescence. By forswearing maturity, he truncates his own creative life and promulgates the American Teen Cult. While critics condemn, many Americans accept his attitudes and beliefs as normative for our adult population. America becomes a sort of infantile wilderness shared; the further we go into the thickets, the more desperate we become.

Consider the influence of this *enfant terrible* turned inside out. His brutal delinquencies, his structureless jazz, and his emotive grunt words infiltrate our classrooms, movies, novels, and dramas. His *credo* is summed up by Norman Mailer, who does not consider it immodest to entitle a book *Advertisements for Myself*: "The decision is to encourage the psychopath in oneself; to explore that domain of experience where security is boredom and therefore sickness; to exist in that enormous present which is without past or future, memory or planned intention. . . ."

The mass media deluged his generation with an array of images—confused, distorted, disordered. Violence smothered the sentimental clichés; they believed none of it or all of it, with equal coolness. Some pushed on to a *reductio ad absurdum*. "My name is John Filler and I represent the latest rage in American Freaklore, the hip-beat author who doesn't write," an account in the July 1963 *Esquire* began. "I don't write because it is the tradition of my school to stop, once enough insight is gained to graduate from student to mastery. You only put on paper what you hope somebody will buy. This school is sort of a fraternity, but none of us pledged it."

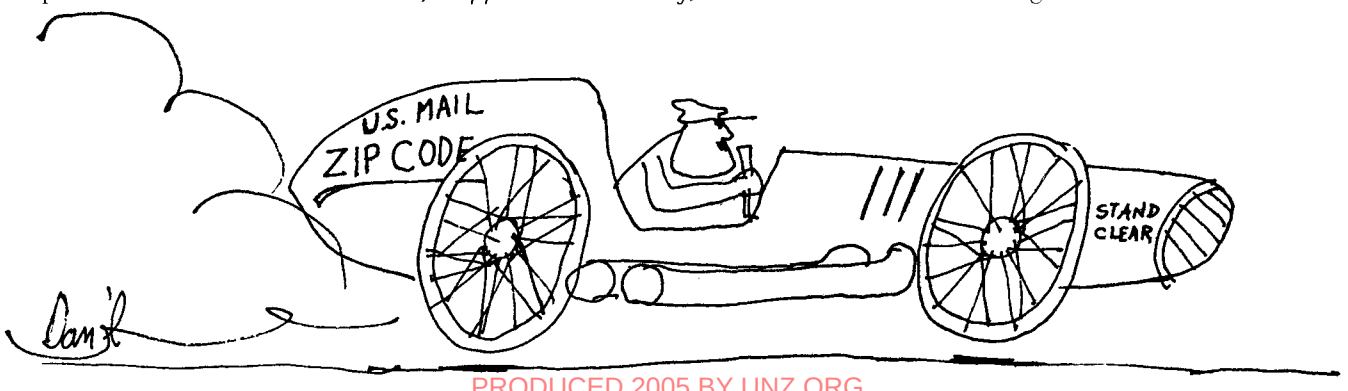
The historical revolution now under way does not seem to rest on the creation of ambitious general theories, but on piecemeal advances. Historian after historian, J. H. Hexter predicts in *Reappraisal in History*, will re-examine "the place and time with which he is mainly concerned, and [will seek] to contrive, for telling about what went on in that bounded time and place, a vocabulary of conceptions better suited to bring out its character." On today's intellectual scene the force of an idea does not depend on its grandiosity. Existentialists never tire of emphasizing this point.

Not only history but all formal education runs the danger of divorcing itself from reality. Teachers abstract and generalize by inclination and habit. Students memorize phrases and formulae without learning how and when to apply them. What starts as erudition can quickly degenerate into irrelevance. Hamlet's old lament takes on new significance: "Words, words, words." Yet even the reign of words might be coming to an end, along with man's bondage to the earth. Science is able to do things that cannot be made intelligible in words, but only in formulae. As Mary McCarthy pointed out in the *New Yorker* in 1958, we may be abolishing speech as vital communication between men: "this implies that the life of action, the matching of great words with great deeds, is finished."

SUCH serious doubts deserve serious consideration. The same generation that fostered existentialism also produced an academic enterprise (be it discipline, synthesis, or protest) known as American Studies. Those engaged in it have entered the Great Debate. In so doing, they encounter America's most critical problem.

Despite the numerical growth of American Studies departments and courses, many academicians are still skeptical. In a world long marked by the fixed points of Descartes, fluidity and relativism threaten the status quo.

In so diffuse and decentralized an activity as American Studies, it is also hard to know just what has been, or is being, accomplished. "What might be said in general terms?" David Riesman asks. "Has American Studies grown faster in state or private universities; in newer or in older ones; in universities or in colleges? . . . Is it still a matter



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of missionaries and their devoted disciples?" No one is in a position to give Professor Riesman a definitive and authorative answer. Pluralism prevails.

Meanwhile the Age of Reinterpretation rushes on. Western imperialism is collapsing. New nations spring up. Power fluctuates between two nuclear giants. Questions of protocol, precedent, and prerogative must be minimized in the titanic struggle for survival. The query once posited by an eighteenth-century immigrant farmer orbits like a satellite around the world: "What this *is*, an American?" The unique and difficult task of American Studies is to attempt an answer.

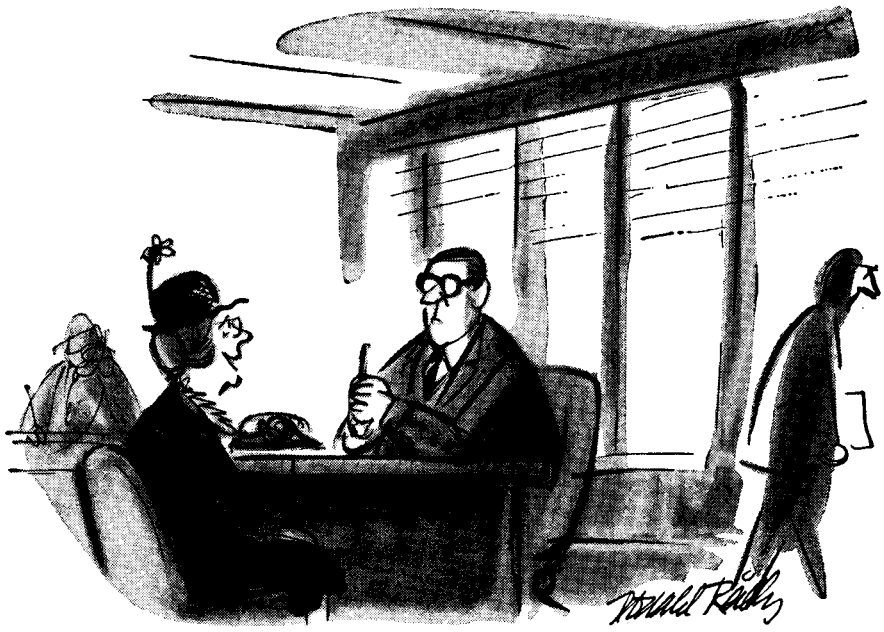
What a problem—yes, and what a land! It is broadbacked and boisterous, with Paul Bunyan's strength and Yukon Ike's verve; Casey Jones's daring and Salvation Sal's devotion; John Henry's rhythm and Huck Finn's charm. A land of tense, turbulent cities, with fingers of power reaching out into space; of plantations warmed by glowing memories; of river land, with earth richer than the treasures of Solomon; of sandy capes, with launching pads to send heavy-weighted men out into a realm of weightless wonder.

A land of atomic reactors, foot-long hot dogs, Charles Addams Gothic, Hopi Indians, imitation castles, guided missiles, block slums, freedom marches, glass domes, beatniks, little magazines, big sells, hootenanny, wetbacks, flashbacks, comebacks.

A land dotted with names to set a poet musing—Dry Bones, Nantucket, Go-to-Hell Gulch, Lost Mule Flat, Machopongo, Bubbleup, Wounded Knee, Roanoke, Purgatory Creek, Lake June in Winter, Okaloacoochee Slough, and Boot Hill. A continent of sharp, bright cold and sapping heat, fit to grow corn, wheat, weeds, men, and rebellion.

The transcendentalist George P. Marsh put his finger on a pivotal factor in American history. Here was the most notable example of the struggle between civilized man and barbarous uncultivated nature. Generally the culture hero is the savage, the theatre a wilderness, the drama one of slow progress against nature. But in America the full energies of advanced European civilization were "brought to bear at once on a desert continent."

The one certain tag we can put on such a landscape and history is *pluralism*. With two powerful weapons—dynamism and the will to experiment—the continent was conquered. In the national motto and destiny, the *unum* was always counterbalanced by *pluribus*. Whatever else American Studies is or is not, it must be inextricably bound up with the dramatic growth and dizzying change of America.



"I know my AT&T is solid, but I'm not getting any kicks."

In a positive sense, it is allied to contemporary movements within the scholarly community to regain concepts of meaning which served humanistic scholarship through the Renaissance, but which were sometimes lost in overspecialization later on. Negatively, it articulates a protest against rigid categories of knowledge, and the tendency to treat everything American as a mere extension of European culture. Both thrusts can be discerned in essays by scholars like Tremaine McDowell, Ralph Gabriel, Henry Nash Smith, and Daniel Boorstin. In 1948 Professor McDowell formulated his First Law of American Studies: it would present the complex design of American life, revealing the fundamental diversity of human experience within which the student should eventually find a fundamental unity.

Fifteen years later, the fight between generalists (who would examine the vast macrocosm) and specialists (intrigued with the intricate microcosm) continues. The former are impatient to get on with the grand synthesis; the latter insist that we must know much more about what we are trying to synthesize. Interdisciplinary studies in cybernetics, bionics, decision-theory, linear programing, and queueing and information theory have cut across the traditional disciplines, indicating that the whole academic deck of cards will eventually be reshuffled. Instead of deploring this dramatic rearrangement, we should encourage it. Though they demand independence, all parties involved are dependent on others for growth and survival. The academic good we seek does not depend upon a diminution but an increase of questions—provided they are relevant and helpful in dealing with the tasks at hand.

We need tough-minded thinkers, gadflies, doubters. Doubt is an angel, not a devil; it assumes an order of truth. Only through the agony of doubt can we have the courage to be; to supplement the motto for Descartes' day (*cogito ergo sum*) with one more suitable for our day—*dubito ergo credo.*

EUROPEAN history documents a heroic but tragic quest for a "closed system." America has followed another star. She has tried, in Walt Whitman's words, to "take the hinges off the door." American history is process more than product; the process of motion into and out of cities . . . going west and coming east . . . moving up and down the social ladder. In Old World cities, buildings cluster like sheep and protect one another against open space. But in New York, observes Jean-Paul Sartre, "Your streets are not sober little walks closed in between houses, but national highways. The moment you set foot in one of them, you understand that they go on to Boston or Chicago." What is basically "American" is the concern with process as reflected in the work of heads, hearts, and hands.

As the argument continues, in ever-widening dimensions over ever-increasing distances, we must comprehend our uniquely American heritage and still be prepared to supersede it. Our need, as Emerson put it many years ago, is for "men and women of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality—to the considerations of benefit to the human race . . . men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and talk and *take a step forward.*" Let the Great Debate rage on.

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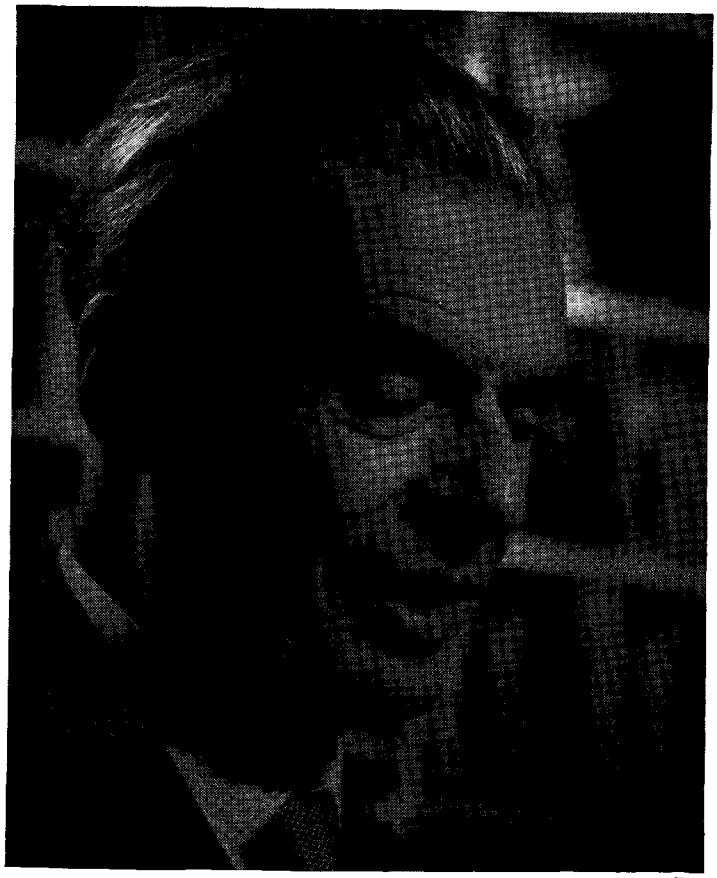
ALDOUS HUXLEY: STYLE WAS THE MAN

By ROSS PARMENTER



Aldous Huxley—"at almost every step, ahead of his times." —*Pix.*

DEATH now has fixed Aldous Huxley a little more clearly in our minds, but in the common view he is still not thought of as either a hero or a casualty. He was too urbane to give the impression of being the former and too continuously successful to seem the latter. Yet in a very real sense he was both. And what caused him to be the one also caused him to be the other.

In his days of early brilliance, when he was writing witty novels, he had a character in one of the best of those novels (*Those Barren Leaves*) say, "I look forward to a placid middle age when, having finally quenched all the extravagant spiritual cravings, I shall be able to settle down in tranquility to a life of the flesh." The thorn in Mr. Huxley's side was that things did not work out for him the way the character in the novel expected things to work out. Spiritual cravings may be quenched by many in middle age, but they did not die out in Mr. Huxley. On the contrary, they increased, and the world took such a turn for the worse that Huxley could not continue in his detached, ironic ways. First, because of the world's march toward war, he became a committed pacifist. And then he had a religious experience. Or so one must gather because, although he never detailed the experience for readers, it must have taken place if he was to become such a staunch expositor of mysticism—or, as he called it, "unitive knowledge of the Divine Ground."

These turns in his life suddenly left Mr. Huxley, one of the century's greatest literary stylists, a man without a style. The worldly, outrageous style of his earlier works—the works with neither political involvement nor religious conviction—was no longer a style he could effectively use to say the new things he wanted to say.

And this is where he took the step that somehow will probably be conceded to be heroic. He junked his flippant, easy style and plunged into earnest exposition. *Ends and Means* (1937) was the first of his long studies in the new vein. To those who had followed his career up to then, the awkwardness of its writing was hard to understand. Not only was its prose turgid; it was dull. And this from the virtuoso master of scintillating words! But in that book he was hell-bent to demonstrate that evil ends always led to evil results, no matter how good were the ends the means were supposed to further.

Seven or eight years later came *The Perennial Philosophy*, intended to clarify the quality and nature of the mystical experience. Here the prose seemed even more impossible, almost as if he were deliberately making it difficult to wrest out his meanings so that only the truly earnest searchers could grasp what he was writing about.

After these books, his prose began to get better again. One could see he was forging a new style, one capable of carrying his new ideas with some of the old flow and lucidity—with some of the old wit and brilliance, too. This was demonstrable most readily in his works of nonfiction, especially *Grey Eminence* and *The Devils of Loudon*. But what happened when he turned back to fiction? *Eyeless in Gaza*, perhaps his most compassionate novel, retained much of his old penetration of character. But *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, though picking up some of the old flippancy and satiric wit, was in many respects embarrassingly bad. Parts of it read like cheap fiction. It was distressing to see such cartoonlike characterization turned out by a man with extraordinary novelistic gifts, a man who, in *Point Counter Point*, had produced what remains one of the great novels in English.

Subsequent novels improved a little after *Swan* and nearly all of them have fine passages, but he never regained his own best level. Ironically, this artistic fault was in many respects the consequence of what was perhaps Mr. Huxley's greatest virtue. He could never cease expanding as a thinker. Thus he could never be fully interested again in being only a novelist. Furthermore, he continued to feel he must be a public thinker; that is, one who must be concerned with the large issues of the day. And by this one does not mean those of political life. Two of the dangers Mr. Huxley knew he must be concerned with

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were man's new power to control human thinking, his power to brainwash; and man's headlong rush to despoil his planet of its natural resources at the same time as man recklessly increased a world population that would soon need more natural resources than ever. Huxley knew, too, that he must go on exploring the means to the mystical experience, including those involved in inducing it through drugs.

Nor could he leave alone the theme of the future. In *Ape and Essence* he depicted a future still more horrible than that of *Brave New World*. He published *Brave New World Revisited* because he was still thinking of the problems posed in his Swiftian masterpiece. And in his final novel, *Island*, he turned to the great challenge of trying to delineate a future utopia that was not a horror, but a feasible blueprint that man might strive to bring into reality for his own good. His concern for major themes was shown, too, in his last work of nonfiction, a short but major contribution to something no one was as well equipped to discuss as he was. He called it *Literature and Science*, and he was able to discuss their relationship with profound insight. He could do so because no man of letters of his time knew as much about science, and because no scientist had his grasp of literature as a creative art.

NOW he is gone, and it is sad to think that one of the great minds of our time was extinguished during the weekend that violence flared so appallingly in Dallas that every other death in the world was virtually obliterated. But history will probably set right what journalism, under the circumstances, could hardly recognize. Huxley will be seen as a man who had the courage to insist on retaining for the man of letters the right to be a political thinker; a man who in a nonmystical period—when mysticism, in fact, was very much out of fashion—had the courage to proclaim himself a mystic and to start winning new respect for mysticism on the part of the intellectual community; a man with an ideal style and the greatest of fame as a novelist who was willing to throw away his style for a cause and his fashionable following for the sake of pursuing and promulgating his own urgent ideas.

Huxley never ceased changing, developing, and growing, and was, at almost every step, ahead of his time. And always those who followed him at each step kept hoping that another great single work would emerge. But it never did. Perhaps what we will find, with a little historical perspective, is that his life itself, the example he set, was his greatest work, that the nearly blind essayist was a great man as well as a great intellect.

WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW

By MARGRET HOFMANN

THE photograph below shows me as a teen-ager in Nazi Germany some two decades ago. I looked no different, I suppose, from thousands of other teen-agers, then and now.

Nevertheless, there was a difference.

For one thing, the jacket I was wearing belonged to a friend who had just been murdered.

And I had learned to jump with fear whenever a doorbell rang.

And it was likely that my mother would soon be placed in a concentration camp.

But the most curious thing about the photograph is how cheerful I look. Would it not require a great callousness to look so cheerful under such conditions? Was I totally devoid of feeling, or of a capacity for logic? I do not believe so. But I possessed the one characteristic common to nearly all young people: I had no basis for comparison. I thought the Nazi government the best there was. My parents dared not explain anything to me lest I repeat something in the wrong place. In school, independent thought and inquiry were ruled out.

The author as a teen-ager—"no basis for comparison."

Even though all this happened twenty years ago, it seems to me that there is an important lesson in it for us today. Consider for a moment the state of mind the conditions of Nazi Germany produced in me and my contemporaries. And then consider the antidote to that state of mind.

If Jews were being deported and would probably never return, that was just the way things were. Violence was the order of the day. My entire adolescence was spent in wartime, and all the young people I knew were reconciled to the fact that there was little likelihood that we would die of old age. I remember comforting my father after I had just escaped being killed during an air raid: "But we will all die someday. What difference does it make how soon?"

In spite of all this, and with my mother's probable deportation hanging over us, I was quite content. Why? One reason, aside from the fact that I had never known any other kind of life, is that my sense of appreciation was at a high peak. It took so little to make us happy. A night without an air raid, a slice of bread added to our ration by a generous person, the acquisition of a bar of soap, seeing an undestroyed city, a friendly gesture from one's boss or fellow worker—each of these was a cause for happiness.

The war continued. My mother was deported and died. When she left us, my thought was: "At least in a concentration camp she will be safe from bombs." I still have a letter I wrote in the closing days of the war, describing how happy I was. Had I been older and, through memories of normal times, understood what was going on, or had someone dared to speak openly with me, those years would have been unbearable. As it was, the Nazi regime was all I knew, and I was therefore satisfied with my life.

The awakening came when the war ended. I began to understand that Jews don't have to be persecuted, that war is not the normal state of affairs, that there were several sides to the story of Nazi Germany and that I had known only one. Over the years, as I have become accustomed to living without fear either of air raids or of arrest, the past has be-

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Can Civilization Be Assassinated?

THE INSTANT reaction of most people to the assassination of the President was expressed in four words: "I can't believe it." This was not merely a sudden reflex response, like crying out in pain. It was a direct and accurate reflection of the inability of the human mind to deal with tragedy beyond a certain dimension. For man retains his sanity by assigning boundary lines to the range of improbables in life. He knows he may be confronted with accident, disaster, and death. But even this catalogue of horrors exists within a certain range of grim expectation. A tragedy may be stark, but so long as it is recognizable, the rational intelligence will try to cope with it.

But then the outermost limits of the improbables are violently punctured, and the mind turns blank. An embittered, unbalanced individual looks down a gunsight, squeezes a trigger, and the human intelligence staggers with the impact. When people say, therefore, that they still find it difficult to believe the President was murdered, what they are really saying is that it is virtually impossible to conceive that one sullen, warped mind could have produced such havoc all by itself.

Yet this is precisely the ultimate significance of the atomic age. Not just a President but all civilization is now vulnerable to weird turnings of a disturbed mind. It takes no more than a single individual to unhinge history. Consider the facts. Both the Soviet Union and the United States have placed in the hands of numerous individuals the power to start the chain reaction that could lead to the assassination of civilization. The Soviet Union operates submarines not far off the East and West Coasts of the United States. These submarines are equipped with launching platforms for missiles with nuclear warheads. Every major city in the United States is within range. These missiles are subject to the decision of the submarine commanders. The United States, in addition to its Polaris fleet, maintains hundreds of jet planes in the air on a twenty-four-hour basis not far from the borders of the Soviet Union. These planes are fully loaded with hydrogen explosives. The greatest possible care has been taken to insure that the commanders of these planes will not be given irresponsible orders; but the central fact is that the orders are transmitted to human beings who have to carry them out. The power, therefore, is subject to individual decision and motivation.

It is to be assumed that every one of the hundreds of men on both sides who have been given access to the final button has been carefully screened. But no system has been devised that can penetrate fully the mysteries of human personality and motivation. No psychologist or psychiatrist can probe deeply enough into those remote pockets of a man's mind where bitterness or venom may be stored. No psychologist or psychiatrist can predict unfailingly when a sudden impulse will seize a man's mind. No psychologist or psychiatrist can certify absolutely how each of a large number of individuals will react under an almost limitless range of circumstances.

A man doesn't have to be deranged or go berserk in order to commit an act of catastrophic irresponsibility. He can be impelled by the noblest motives of duty or righteousness. Several years ago, a French air force pilot, disgusted by what he believed to be the inadequacy and incompetence of his government, decided to bomb an Algerian village. He was motivated by what he considered the highest impulses of patriotism—much the way an American general recently decided to substitute his understanding of what was happening in the world for the understanding of the President and the Secretary of State. These experiences were exceptional. It was only one French pilot out of many thousands and it was only one American general out of hundreds. But that is just the point. It takes only one man in our time to trigger the assassination of human society.

True, the most scrupulous safeguards have been established to guard against such a grisly event. Officials have painstakingly explained how extensive are the precautions and how small are the chances that these precautions might not work. But the fact persists that the danger, though small, is not nonexistent. The chances that a deranged assassin could penetrate the protective mechanism set up to safeguard the life of an American President were very small, but it happened. It was irrational. It was remote. It was most improbable. But it happened. In defense of the Secret Service, it is said that there was no way of X-raying the mind of every spectator in the line of march. Quite so. It is equally true that there is no way of X-raying the mind of every man in an atomic age

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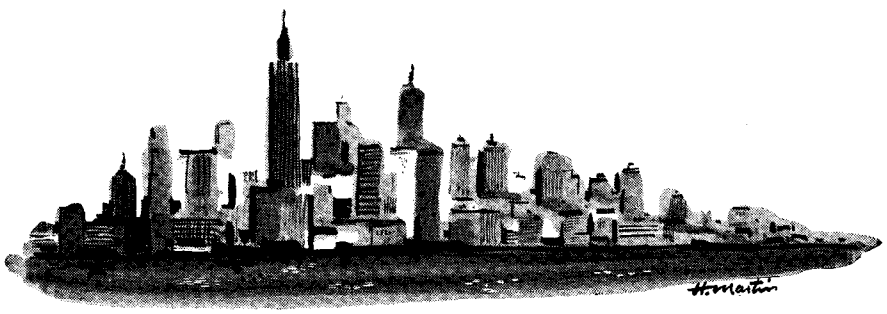

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Where Are the Beats?

NOT TOO LONG AGO the present younger generation was labeled "the beat," "the silent," "the unconcerned." Its most obvious characteristics seemed to be nonchalance and individualistic rebellion.

But I saw this generation weep over the death by assassination of the President of the United States. I suspect that their declaration of grief was of more than passing significance.

In these few grim days, we have noticed particularly the mourning of the young people: a picture of a boy in tears on the steps of the Harvard chapel; distraught students in the Williams chapel; children crying in secondary schools; others strewing flowers along a street in Dallas.

These youths seem hardly to be the ones who were thought of as trying to escape all moral and emotional responsibilities. And I wonder if, years from now, this generation won't rather be called the one of the education seekers, of the Peace Corps—a generation that did not scoff when John F. Kennedy told them to ask not what their country could do for them, but what they could do for their country.

The President entered office youthful and glamorous. Two and a half years, including a Cuban crisis, ironed wrinkles into his forehead. A generation of young people grew up with him. His responsibilities became their responsibilities, his griefs their griefs, his triumphs their triumphs, his death a time to demonstrate the caring they had acquired during his years in office.

His purpose may not have been to carry on a mission to young America; but somehow they adopted him. The beat now involve themselves vitally in civil rights. The unconcerned debate Berlin, Vietnam, and Birmingham. The silent ones weep openly.

LAUREN R. STEVENS,
Department of English,
Williams College.
Williamstown, Mass.

Three Cheers

I AM MOVED TO write after reading John Ciardi's column "Dead Geraniums" [*SR*, Oct. 26]. This is another brilliant gem in an already well-filled treasure chest. I have, with few exceptions, found delight in reading Mr. Ciardi's felicitous work over the years. I have also read with interest the carping, often vitriolic letters concerning him.

The thing that strikes me most about these letters are the judgments voiced, with seldom any literate or thoughtful reasons offered to back up the judgments.

I am glad Mr. Ciardi has an ample wastebasket and that he uses it freely. I believe he sums it up neatly when he says, "Why should any man use up the hours of his life explaining to people what they have shown themselves to be unwilling to understand?"

WALTER W. WATSON.
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

"No! You may not sit on my knee. When I'm through for the day, I'm through!"

BEFORE ALL THE derogatory hullabaloo about John Ciardi and his highly pertinent and lucid writings misleads the editorial staff into doing anything drastic, like failing to renew his contract, I had better get in a kind word or two in his behalf. I hope I am in time.

I fail, in fact, to understand the hullabaloo at all. What's it all about? Why, I must ask, should anyone who cannot stomach the lucidity of Mr. Ciardi be subscribing to such a magazine at all? *SR* was an excellent magazine before it had the benefit of the Ciardi perspicacity, and it is a better one with it. One thing that seems to incense many people is his skill in the use of invective. It is a talent that he has, or had, in common with two highly talented people who used to be among my favorites: Bernard DeVoto and H. L. Mencken. It has been said of Mencken that he could make a best-seller out of a mediocre book that he wished to condemn—merely by the power of his invective. Mr. Ciardi could probably do the same. I find him stimulating and delightful.

FRED L. DAVIS.
Belleville, Mich.

I HAD THOUGHT that John Ciardi had finally found a subject to attack—the Playboy Clubs—that would offend no reader. I was wrong; the November 16 issue contained a letter of strong protest. In this same issue Ciardi criticized the verse of Cassius Clay. If this also provokes letters of protest, I would like to suggest an experiment to determine the cause of the anti-Ciardi letters. Let Ciardi attack Evil in his usual vigorous style. If anti-Ciardi letters are the result, we can assume that to some readers Ciardi always produces the same conditioned response—shocked disapproval that anyone would dare to attack anything.

R. D. WILMOT.
Fullerton, Calif.

Matters of Opinion

I WOULD LIKE TO tell you how much I enjoy the forthright comments Alice Dalgliesh makes on various phases of children's literature, as well as her down-to-earth criticisms of specific books. If more reviewers would express their opinions as honestly as she does, I am sure the children's librarians would have less "sifting of the chaff" to do.

PATRICIA F. LADD,
Supervisor, Children's Department,
Sacramento City Library.
Sacramento, Calif.

That Party in Paris

CARL WINSTON begins his contribution to THE PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Nov. 16] with the insight that he always feels foolish when he tells people that he once met Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald in Paris. It is unfortunate that his insight does not include writing about it as well, for he should now feel quite silly.

I doubt if it is of much interest to readers of *SR* to learn that Mr. Winston was once a party to some juvenile escapade, or that he once proved himself totally unable to drink intelligently, or that "hey, me too" got a

(*Continued on page 32*)

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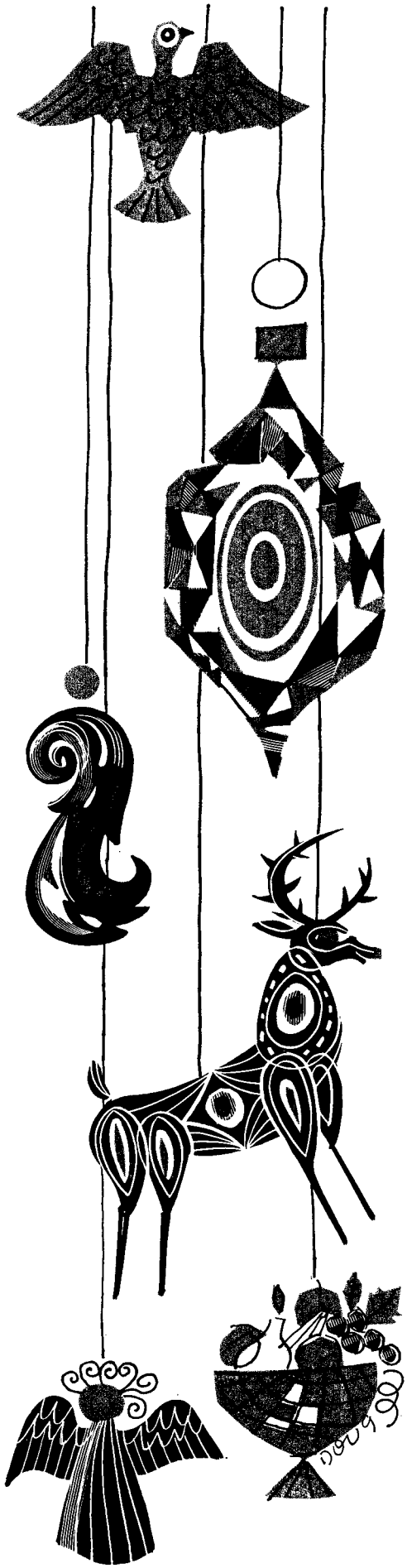

MANNER OF SPEAKING

A Christmas Wish

CAUGHT as we all are in the human condition—
Subject to vices variously begun—
in curiosity, from nature, of malaise.
Hungry for joy and fed less than our hunger.
Charitable when we can save ourselves
from more involvement than we know how to bear.
Simple in our silences, made intricate by vocabularies.
Greedy because we were all once children.
Forgoing because we have read dreams and visions
that do not come to us when we lay the book by.
Loving in desperation, in fear of loneliness.
Begetting in the arsons and Olympics of first love
or in the habituated rutting of the long bed
the children that sadden us to an uneasy tolerance.
Afraid of death in our dying and liberated
only partially by the partial loss of ignorance.
Eager for friendships from which we may demand
what we ourselves give with two motives, if at all.
Suspected by States for our best intuitions.
Solemn at funerals but glad to have outlived
one other as proof that we are, after all, right.
Liars because we must live in what seems possible.
Fools because we lie, and fools again for assuming
the possible to be any more likely than the impossible.
Faithless because our houses are destroyable but not our fears.
Brave because we dare not stop to think. Proud
because we are wrong. Wrathful because we are powerless.
Envious because we are uncertain. Lazy because we were born.
Avaricious because we are afraid. Gluttonous
because bellies are a mother to warm and assure us.
Murderous and adulterous because opportunity and energy
will sometimes be added to motive. Ungrateful
because gratitude is a debt, and because it is easier
to betray our benefactors than to await new benefactions.
Religious because it is dark at night, and because
we have been instructed, and because it is easier to obey
than to believe our sense or to learn to doubt them
exhaustively. Sad because we are as we are,
time-trapped, and because our images of ourselves
and the facts of ourselves wake at night and bicker
and lay bets with one another, with us as the stakes.
Then moved to pity at last because we hear and are saddened—
Nearly beautiful in the occasions of our pity not of
ourselves. Nearly affectionate when we are free of pain.
Caught as we are in these and our other conditions—
Which include a distaste for the littleness of our motives
and, therefore, some wish to live to some reality.
Terrified by realities. Addicted to evasions. Daring,
once, to look into the mirror and to see and not look away.
Beginning again, then, with those who share with us and with whom
we share the sorrows of the common failure.
Fumbling at last to the language of a sympathy
that can describe, and that will be, we are persuaded,
sufficiently joy when we find in one another its idioms.
Caught as we are in these defining conditions—
I wish you the one fact of ourselves that is inexhaustible
and which, therefore, we need not horde nor begrudge.
(Let mercy be its name till its name be found.)
And wish that to the mercy that is possible because it takes
nothing from us and may, therefore, be given indifferently,
there be joined the mercy that adds us to one another.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Books

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Time of the Dial" and "A Dial Miscellany," by William Wasserstrom; "Artie" and "Pink Marsh," by George Ade; "The Bomb," by Frank Harris, and "Erik Dorn," by Ben Hecht

18 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

19 SR's Check List of Current Books

20 Scholars and Gypsies: An Autobiography, by Walter Starkie

21 Spain and Japan-China, by Nikos Kazantzakis

22 The Council in Action, by Hans Küng; The Johannine Council: Witness to Unity, by Bernard Häring; Vatican II: The Theological Dimension, edited by Anthony D. Lee, O.P.

23 Letters from Vatican City, by Xavier Rynne; Pope, Council and World: The Story of Vatican II, by Robert Blair Kaiser

24 Russians Then and Now, edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky

25 The Fifth Queen, by Ford Madox Ford

26 Pick of the Paperbacks

63 The Letters of David Garrick, edited by David M. Little and George M. Kahrl.

LITERARY HORIZONS

Pages from a Usable Past

THE RE-EXAMINATION of our literary past goes on and on, and if the results often seem out of proportion to the labors involved, every now and then a book appears that contributes in an important way to our recovery of what Van Wyck Brooks called "the usable past." Such a book is William Wasserstrom's *The Time of the Dial* (Syracuse University Press, $4.95). Wasserstrom has rendered a further service by editing a companion volume, *A Dial Miscellany* (Syracuse, $9).

The original *Dial* was founded in 1840 by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller and continued publication for four years. There was another *Dial* published briefly in Cincinnati in the 1860s, and then a *Dial* appeared in Chicago from 1880 to 1916. In the latter year that *Dial* was moved to New York and in 1918 took a new shape, appearing as a fortnightly journal of opinion, with a board of editors that included John Dewey, Randolph Bourne, Thorstein Veblen, Lewis Mumford, and Scofield Thayer, its patron. Because of disagreements among the editors, Thayer and his friend James Sibley Watson, Jr., took over the magazine, intending to make it representative of the best in contemporary literature and art. It is with this *Dial*, which lasted from 1920 to 1929, that Wasserstrom is concerned.

Wasserstrom, however, has not been content merely to tell the story of a magazine; he has written an essay on literary tendencies in America from 1910 to 1960, beginning with Jack London and Henry Adams and ending with Henry Miller and the Beatniks. After quoting Lee Simonson as saying, "We are all prophets," Wasserstrom discusses the idea of the prophetic function of art, which is central in his analysis. "This book," he says, "records its appearance and weight among historicist prophets of American organic utopia during the last fifty years. This volume and my *Dial* anthology are designed to recall the prophetic function of the organic idea in modern American art, criticism, politics, and character."

These sentences are not altogether easy to follow, and there are many passages in the book that are similarly opaque. Wasserstrom has tried to do more than can be done in an essay of approximately 150 pages, and one frequently feels a need for both amplification and clarification. The chapter, for instance, in which he examines the origins of "organicism" raises more questions than it answers.

He has read enormously, and he mentions scores of writers in the course of the book. Usually what he says about them is sound, but sometimes the need for compression makes his comments misleading. He writes, for example, "When Henry Wallace, for whom Matthiessen had made a seconding speech, was defeated as a candidate for the presidency, Matthiessen killed himself." But F. O. Matthiessen committed suicide a year and a half after the election. A quotation from the note that he left would have given a correct impression and made the point Wasserstrom wanted to make.

Yet, though the book in some measure fails because it tries to do too much, it does make perfectly clear both the vitality and the central importance of the *Dial*, and some of its interpretations of recent tendencies in American literature are extremely suggestive.

The *Dial* was an extraordinary magazine, as Wasserstrom's anthology proves. I don't know what one can do but to set down some of the names. Among the poets included are Sandburg, Millay, Joyce, Moore, Pound, Stevens, Cummings, Williams, Eliot, MacLeish, Crane, Yeats, and Kunitz. There is not much fiction, but we do find stories by D. H. Lawrence, Glenway Wescott, and Sean O'Faolain. One of the *Dial*'s most impressive departments was its foreign correspondence: Eliot from London, Mann from Berlin, Morand from Paris, Ortega y Gasset from Spain. Pirandello, Unamuno, Cocteau, and Claudel all contributed. So did Dewey, Russell, and Santayana. We have Dos Passos on Cummings, Moore on Stevens, Williams on Moore, Richards on Hopkins, Eliot on Richards, Aiken on Eliot, Lawrence on Stuart Pratt Sherman, Burke on Spengler. Although some of the contributions, especially poems, are familiar, much in the book has never before

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been reprinted. As Wasserstrom points out, there have been many anthologies of magazines, but I know of none that offers so many distinguished names or has such an abundance of impressive material.

Another sally into the past is a series called "Chicago in Fiction," published by the University of Chicago Press, with Saul Bellow as advisory editor. Three volumes have appeared this fall, each with an introduction by a present-day novelist.

The first contains two short novels by George Ade—at least, they are described as novels—*Artie* and *Pink Marsh* ($3.95). Once one of the best known and highest paid of American writers, Ade is largely forgotten, although *Fables in Slang* is available in reprint editions. *Artie* (first published in 1896) and *Pink Marsh* (1897) were both made up of newspaper columns, and they are novels only in the sense that each presents a character and shows a degree of development. Artie is a fresh young man who works in an office and knows his way around Chicago. Ade gives him reality, as James Farrell points out in his introduction, by his skill in rendering the tone of the young man's speech. Pink, a Negro shoeshine boy, comes close to being a caricature; but Ade never slips over the edge, and Pink, as Farrell says, "has an inner core of dignity."

IN his introduction to *The Bomb* ($4.95) John Dos Passos gives a lively account of the bizarre personality and strange career of Frank Harris. Having been many things, Harris was something of a crusader when, in 1908, he published this novel, which is an ingenious explanation of the Haymarket bombing of 1886, a rather sentimental love story, and a powerful description of the hardships of the working class in the latter nineteenth century. Harris was a writer of considerable force, and *The Bomb* remains a disturbing book.

On the other hand, Ben Hecht's *Erik Dorn* ($5.95) has come to seem a rather silly book, though as a college student I found it exciting when it was first published in 1921. Nelson Algren's introduction has pained Hecht, which is easy to understand; but Algren on balance praises the novel more highly than, after this rereading, I could bring myself to do. Dorn is surely one of the most verbose heroes in American fiction, and a good deal of the time he is spouting high-flown nonsense. Algren finds him significant as one of the first of the hollow men, and perhaps he is; but this does not save him from being dull, and he is never duller than when Hecht tries to pass him off as brilliant.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

The Year in Retrospect

DURING the year now ending a committee of scholars under the chairmanship of Yale University Library's James T. Babb decided that the White House library needed books. After much consultation, 1,780 titles were agreed upon. No fiction—just worthy books that are strong in the fields of history and political science. Since these were to be gifts, somebody would have to be found to give them; and here the Committee ran into a little trouble. For two months after the selections were announced Mr. Babb sat back "hoping for gifts from individuals," as he puts it. Some came in, but not enough to fill those 1,780 spaces. Mr. Babb thereupon put the bite on the publishers, and to date he has had remarkable success, although it appears that some books will have to be purchased out of cash donations, while others, being out of print, must be scouted for. Anyone interested in donating to the fund may write to Mr. Babb at the Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut. Tax deductible, naturally, and a worthwhile contribution to the memory of the late John F. Kennedy.

Manhattan College's Program of Special Studies added a course called "Current Best Sellers" ("a critical examination of books now on the best seller list"). But how do you critically examine Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service?* Or Sterling North's *Rascal?*

This was also the year that Norman Mailer's new (unfinished) novel was bought by Dell Publishing-Dial Press for $125,000, demonstrating that a novelist who keeps himself in trim these days can command a fancy figure even if he hasn't been writing novels. Mailer's regular publisher, Putnam, was outbid in what seems to be a price war for "hot" properties. It will be recalled—in fact, Mr. Mailer himself has never tired of recalling—that Putnam took him over when others wouldn't. But business is business, and authors are notorious for being able to land on their feet or someone else's.

They are frequently blamed for jumping from publisher to publisher, but a novelist friend of mine insists that editors are no better. "Have you ever tried to keep up with an editor?" he asks. "Talk about writers moving around! I've had two publishers shot out from under me already and am waiting for the third to go any day. When I started my first book, I was working with a man at Simon & Schuster; half way through he switched to Knopf, so on the next book I switched along. Half way through *that* one he went over to Lippincott, and my third book caught up with him there. It does keep a man busy changing his address book."

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald is one of the year's most memorable books, although all of it was written before 1940. But it might never have been written at all if one of its major characters, Maxwell Perkins, hadn't had the good sense to stay put. From 1919, when he started writing, until his death in 1940 Fitzgerald used the Scribners editor as a father confessor. And what man wants a confessor who is continually switching from one church to another? When Fitzgerald and Hemingway and Wolfe wrote to Perkins they did not have to check with *Literary Market Place* first. They knew he was in the corner office, just off the bullpen, at 597 Fifth Avenue. Perkins gave continuity to his firm, casting a shadow that stayed behind. In many ways he remains more influential as a tradition than some editors manage to be in the flesh. Trouble is, a tradition doesn't answer letters.

Question: When an editor changes houses, does he take his correspondence with him?

As noted earlier, this was the year that James Bond got on the best seller list in hard covers, although it was a paperback house—New American Library—that put him there. Heretofore, Bondsmen were willing to wait for their hero to come along in reprint, but with the reprinter now bringing out the original—you figure it out. Could this be an example of a publisher penalizing its readers for the success of an author?

The package deal is the coming thing in publishing, with rights for the original, serialization, reprint, and movies no longer being separately negotiated but delivered before publication, and in some cases before the book is written. Under this arrangement, Harold Robbins was guaranteed more than $1 million for a novel by a consortium made up of Trident Press, Pocket Books, and Embassy Pictures. The book, *The Adventurers,* would seem to be well named.

As usual, along about this time of

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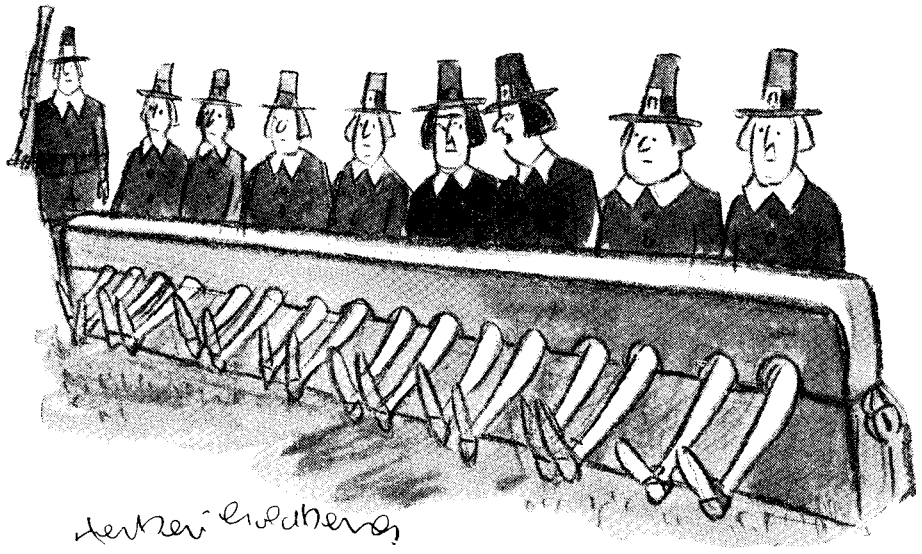
year you will be seeing book advertisements that read: "$12.50 until Dec. 24, $15 thereafter." We beg the reader to have patience. It is not unknown for some of these gift-wrapped items to sell for less, not more, during the post-Christmas slump.

Speaking of $15 books, we were puzzled by an announcement from Little, Brown that Evelyn Waugh's newest, *Basil Seal Rides Again*, will be limited to 1,000 copies, autographed and numbered. In other words, a $5 book (generous estimate) plus a $10 signature—and you may not be able to buy it at this price anyway. In answer to our query the publisher writes: "We sell this book to the bookstores at a net price. The bookseller may then establish his own price depending upon his supply and the demand for copies. It is not unusual in a case such as this for a bookseller to buy ten or twenty-five copies and put them away for a year or two, waiting for their market value to increase. A book of this kind is ordinarily declared out of print on the day of publication." Does this clear things up?

And while *Basil Seal* is aging in buckram, it may interest you to know that the book has marbled endpapers, gilt top, uncut side and bottom ends, and a frontispiece in two colors. It was printed in England, and Mr. Waugh had a fine, satiric ball signing his name 1,000 times for the American edition, 750 for the British. Just like endorsing checks.

A young novelist we know, the recipient of a couple of writing fellowships, insists that whenever he's around an official of the Ford Foundation he says, "As long as you're up, get me a Grant."

—David Dempsey.



"The break is set for 12 o'clock—pass it on!"

SR's Check List of Current Books

Business, Economics

Collective Bargaining in the Automobile Industry. By Robert M. Macdonald. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50.

Steel Decisions and the National Economy. By Henry W. Broude. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

People vs. Withers & Malone. By Craig Rice and Stuart Palmer. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Drama

Unfair Arguments with Existence: Seven Plays for a New Theatre. By Lawrence Ferlinghetti. New Directions. Paperback, $1.50.

Fiction

Miss Leonora When Last Seen and Fifteen Other Stories. By Peter Taylor. Obolensky. $4.50.

The Thirtieth Year. By Ingeborg Bachmann. Knopf. $3.95.

History

Conspiracy at Mukden. By Takehiko Yoshihashi. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

The History of King Richard III. Edited by Richard S. Sylvester. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

Korea: The Limited War. By David Rees. St. Martin's. $7.95.

The Meaning of Jewish History. By Jacob Bernard Agus. Abelard-Schuman. Two volumes. Each, $5.

Miscellany

Behavioral Individuality in Early Childhood. By Alexander Thomas and others. New York Univ. Press. $4.75.

A Fortune in the Junk Pile: A Guide to Valuable Antiques Which May Be Found in Attics, Cellars, Etc. By Dorothy Jenkins. Crown. $5.95.

A History of Communications. By Maurice Fabre. Hawthorn. $5.95.

I Can't Boil Water. By Corinne Griffith. Messner. $3.50.

Journey Into Christmas. By Susanne Suba. Appleton-Century. $4.95.

Personal History

Golda Meir: Woman with a Cause. By Marie Syrkin. Putnam. $5.95.

The Letters of Thomas Gainsborough. Edited by Dr. Mary Goodall. New York Graphic Society. Limited edition. $15.

Pompadour. By Jacques Levron. St. Martin's. $6.95.

Sprung: The Release of Willie Calloway. By Ken McCormick. St. Martin's. $4.95.

The Times I've Seen: Oliver St. John Gogarty, a Biography. By Ulich O'Connor. Obolensky. $6.95.

Poetry

Emblems of a Season of Fury. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. Paperback, $1.65.

Natural Numbers: New and Selected Poems. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.75.

Political Theory

Law and Public Order in Space. By Myres S. McDougal. Yale Univ. Press. $15.

James Mill and the Art of Revolution. By Joseph Hamburger. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

Religion, Philosophy

The Age of Absolutism. By Maurice Braure. Hawthorn. $3.50.

The Concept of a Person. By A. J. Ayer. St. Martin's. $6.

The Honest to God Debate. Edited by David L. Edwards. Westminster. Paperback, $1.45.

Ministering to Deeply Troubled People. By Dr. Ernest E. Bruder. Prentice-Hall. $2.95.

Ministering to the Dying. By Dr. Carl J. Scherzer. Prentice-Hall. $2.95.

Socratic Humanism. By Laszlo Versenyi. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Wanderer with a Fiddle

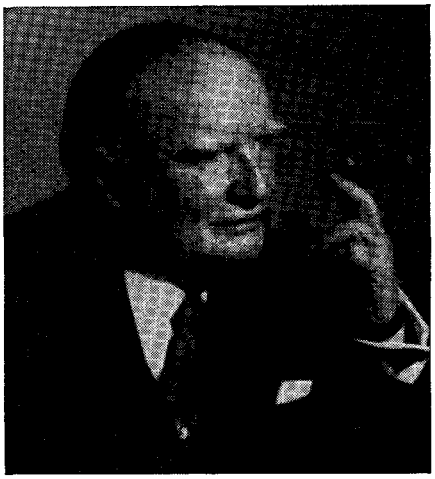
Scholars and Gypsies: An Autobiography, *by Walter Starkie (University of California Press. 324 pp. $5.95), recaptures the vanished era of pre-World War I Ireland and the Italy of D'Annunzio and Pirandello. The poet Padraic Colum worked with W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory in founding the Irish National Theatre.*

By PADRAIC COLUM

WHAT days those were before World War I! Professors' families could live in villas with two maids and a governess; they could have house parties at their own homes and their neighbors'—real parties, not cocktail bouts. In the university their sons got humanistic training; Hegelianism was still innocent of the dialectic of materialism; the theatre, the concert hall, music in the drawing room provided entertainment, and the cinema was still an infant prodigy in the household of the arts. It is part of the attractiveness of Walter Starkie's autobiography that, with Dublin for its center, it recalls that delightful world for our hard-pressed times.

Unlike most books of reminiscences, *Scholars and Gypsies* has an actual plot: a conflict between father and son as to whether young Walter should become a scholar or a fiddler. In the early part of the autobiography a good many characters are involved in the conflict. It might be well to note here that in an administration that was almost wholly Protestant—the British administration of Ireland at the beginning of the century —the Starkies were Catholic. This opened two worlds to them: they had entrée to the Anglo-Irish houses and, unlike the Anglo-Irish whose minds were saturated with British predilections, they could be at home on the continent. Walter Starkie came to Italy as to a second fatherland. (For me there is wry amusement in the fact that when he visited D'Annunzio in Vittoriale and the soldier-poet showed him the column dedicated to Irish freedom, the son of the Commissioner of Education in Ireland did not recognize that the Gaelic-lettered inscription was bad Irish.)

Starkie's years at Trinity College give him a gallery of characters. I confess,



Walter Starkie—far from the space age.

however, that I am disappointed with his delineation of the most outstanding of Trinity personages, the tutor of Oscar Wilde, the wit, scholar, and monumental snob whom George Moore satirized as "the culture hero of the Dublin myth," and whom Oliver Gogarty dramatized so brilliantly in monologue and chorus. To Starkie the man

> Yclept Mahoof by those of heavenly birth,
> But plain Mahaffy by the race of earth,

is "the last of the Olympians." He was Walter's godfather, and the kindly relationship that existed from boyhood prevented young Starkie from thoroughly enjoying the follies, the arrogance, and the narrowness of a great intellectual. It was well known in Dublin drawing rooms that Mahaffy could not discourse for half an hour without mentioning the kings and princes whose company he had shared. Walter Starkie gives some amusing instances of this attachment to royalty and nobility, but the tartness of tone that would set them off is absent. Later, Starkie met another personage who could be as snobbish as Mahaffy, but he does not note the parallel. She was a courtesan in Vicenza who liked referring to *Monsieur le Prince.*

The Trinity notable who most stands out is Macran, the Hegelian professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, whose discourse was in ratio to the drinks he had taken. "I wonder," one of his students remarked, "none of the faithful were at hand to accompany the philosopher home." In the old days there were always the cherished disciples nearby, especially in the hostelry of his old French friend Jammet, for whom he devised the Latin inscription that is engraved in gold on the clock in the bar: *pereunt horae et notantur.*

But the historical-anecdotal is not a valid way to deal with a biography whose core is music. World War I took Walter Starkie from Dublin to London and from London to Genoa. Italy showed him where he belonged—in the world of music. Then in an Italian town he came on a Gypsy band who told him, "We die for want of music." Later he told his Italian friends, who thought his vagrancy had become a disease, that the only cure for him was "to play tarantellas all my way through Calabria."

Scholars and Gypsies brings us into a world that is at a great distance from the space age. How delightful it must have been to live in that world on an assured income! And what interesting human beings were in it! Here is James Stephens on his office stool in the National Gallery, putting a monocle in his eye to make him look less like a leprechaun and more like an official. There is Pirandello at a production of a play of his in Milan: "A melancholy, drooping figure with sad eyes." And there is the *condottiere* D'Annunzio, whose appearance was that of a sinister dwarf, but whose voice "penetrated into my consciousness, syllable by syllable, like water from a clear fountain."

But, irresistibly, I go back to the professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. He leaves the bar in Jammet's as the host cries, "Time! Time!" Appalled at the loose and ambiguous way the word is being used, Mahaffy demands a definition. They hustle him into a cab that will take him to a private entrance to the College. As it starts he makes his announcement: "Time is the shadow of Eternity."

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1063

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1063 will be found in the next issue.

AIFB OGMMCQ ONGAM GKR

CZ DFPGLFM LXZI.

KFP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1062

What the public likes best is fruit that is overripe.

—COCTEAU.

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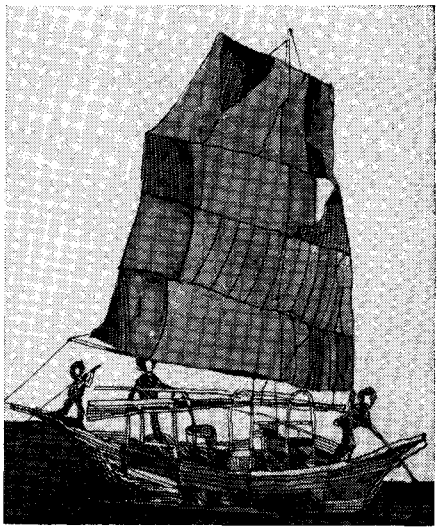

Cover designs for *Spain* (left) and *Japan-China* (right).

Lover of Liberty, Friend to Tyranny

Spain *and* ***Japan-China****, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by Amy Mims and George C. Pappageotes respectively (Simon & Schuster. 254 pp. and 382 pp. $5 each), reveal a curious dichotomy between love of liberty and worship of tyrants and "discipline" on the part of the late poet-novelist. Robert Payne, who edited "The White Pony," was professor of English poetry and lecturer in naval architecture in wartime Kunming.*

By ROBERT PAYNE

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS is likely to be the despair of critics for a long time to come. Cantankerous, wrong-headed, self-indulgent, and self-assertive in the Germanic-Nietzschean manner, he was also on occasion a magnificent poet and story-teller.

During the German occupation of Greece he wrote *Zorba the Greek*, while living quietly on the island of Aegina. It is a wonderful hymn in praise of human liberty and human devilment. What is odd is that a man who loved liberty so much should have been bemused by totalitarian conquerers; for not many years earlier he had been admiring Franco's Spain, and not many years later he was ravished by Mao Tze-tung's China. The truth was that he loved liberty and adored tyranny. There was a hard authoritarian streak in him; there was also an excess of humanity. He seems to have spent the greater part of his life in a furious argument between his separate selves.

There is not the least doubt that he admired Franco's Spain. The record of the love affair is contained in the first of these travel diaries, written in 1936. (The blurb states that "he returned to witness the fall of Madrid," which took place in 1939, but that is to claim for him far more than he claimed for himself.) It is a sporadic record, no more profound than any lover's letters to himself, relating the adventures of his soul in a country admirably suited to such adventures. For him, Spain was more than half Oriental, and both Don Quixote and El Greco were living presences with whom he communed daily. He was enchanted by Valladolid—"a fallen princess whose lovers have all died"—and by Toledo, which he could scarcely see through the mist El Greco left in his eyes. He was enchanted by the Cathedral at Cordoba, which he characteristically insists on calling a mosque; and he surrendered happily to the bloodcurdling phantoms of the Escorial.

There is very little about Spaniards in the earlier part of the book, which recounts a short tour that took place in the spring. In the autumn Kazantzakis returned for an even shorter tour of Franco-occupied territory. Here he met a survivor of the siege of the Alcazar, and we are offered a long and not altogether credible account of the battle by the brave defenders against the accursed designs of the Reds. It was not perhaps as simple as that, but Kazantzakis stands resolutely on the side of the angels. The Falange, in particular, attract him, because they are disciplined and noble-hearted. Madrid, not to be conquered for two more years, beckons to him in the distance as he laments an inevitable war and hopes that order will finally be restored.

During the previous year Kazantzakis had been traveling in the Orient. His account of this trip contains far less self-communing. Singapore, Shanghai, Osaka, Kyoto, Nara, Peking, Nanking pass in review, and the author succeeds in conveying a sense of mounting excitement, an almost delirious absorption in the Oriental scene. At first he is surprised by everything; then nothing surprises him. Not unnaturally, he was especially enchanted by Kyoto and Nara. Peking charmed him; Chinese funerals, which resemble circuses, delighted him; after quarreling with the famous Princess Dan he sat down happily with the equally famous Dr. Hu Shih, with whom he discussed the subject of demotic scripts, which was very close to his heart. But it was the quintessential beauty of the Chinese landscape that affected him most deeply, and he writes about it with a wild wonder, words tumbling over one another, like a boy seeing naked beauty for the first time. This diary of his first visit to the Orient is among Kazantzakis's best writings.

In 1957 he paid a second visit to China. By this time his sympathies had crystallized in favor of the Communists, who for him could do no wrong. With his wife he flew to Peking from Moscow and was immediately taken in tow by Communist guides. He seems to have swallowed whole all the Communist fictions. He was immensely impressed by Chou En-lai; the diary notes record the premier's heroic zeal and self-sacrifice and how he "would not eat so long as the people were starving." Wherever Kazantzakis turned he was confronted with the achievements of Communist science. Filth, epidemics, open sewers, stinking streets, corruption, illiteracy, poverty, feudalism—all these had vanished, and in their place there was sanitation, asceticism, honesty, and discipline. Occasionally there are uneasy notes, as when he cried out: "What a struggle! What swarms of ants! What poverty!" But in the end the vision of an emerging order and the happy life of the communes returns to comfort him. Ungrudgingly, he is prepared to see China through the eyes of his guides.

This second visit to China forms about half of the book. Kazantzakis's notes are fleshed out by the entertaining comments and reminiscences of his wife, Helen, who unfortunately is not always accurate. Her reference to the "mis-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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The Ring Around the Roman Circle

The Council in Action, *by Hans Küng, translated from the German by Cecily Hastings (Sheed & Ward. 276 pp. $4.50),* ***The Johannine Council: Witness to Unity,*** *by Bernard Häring, translated from the German by Edwin G. Kaiser (Herder & Herder. 155 pp. $3.50), and* ***Vatican II: The Theological Dimension,*** *edited by Anthony D. Lee, O.P. (Thomist Press. 621 pp. $9.75), all written by men actively involved in the ecumenical conclave, explore fundamental problems of Church reform and Christian unity. Father John A. Hardon, S.J., is a member of the faculty of Western Michigan University.*

By JOHN A. HARDON

IT WAS predicted that the Second Vatican Council would be the best advertised religious event of modern times. The growing output of literature on the first session suggests that it may also become the most controversial event in Catholic history—as illustrated in three recently published books by men who are actively involved in the Vatican conclave.

Hans Küng is already well known to American readers as the author of *The Council, Reform and Reunion*, which Protestant commentators hailed as one of the most important works on the Christian scene today. He is Dean of the Catholic Theological faculty at the University of Tübingen, and one of the official advisers to the Vatican Council.

In his latest (and third) volume on the Council, Küng offers a re-edited version of lectures and statements made at Rome and originally addressed to various bishops, students of theology, journalists, and radio audiences.

For those who know Küng from his student days at the Gregorianum (Rome) and the Institut Catholique (Paris), an outstanding trait is his rare gift for combining the traditional and liberal in a way that disarms criticism from conservatives and yet opens the door wide open for the most advanced ideas in Catholic thought. On the conservative side, *The Council in Action* restates what every manual of theology teaches about the nature and purpose of ecumenical gatherings of the hierarchy from Nicea to First Vatican: their function of speaking for the Church at critical junctures in its history. But even here Küng examines the problems confronting Catholicism in a way that brings out their passionate and immediate relevance to the world at large, and not only to the Catholic faith.

Küng is also an advocate. He argues from a stance that takes issue with conservative positions in ecclesiology and Church administration; nor does he conceal his joy at finding these opinions shared so often by the Council Fathers. His engagement is an undisguised effort to influence events and make the strongest possible case for his views, with the result that *The Council in Action* is a living document that one cannot read without taking sides.

Appealing to the mind of the late Pope John, Küng believes the Catholic Church has entered on a new era of teaching without overtly condemning those who hold opposite views. Even Communism, he believes, will be more effectively combated "by preaching the Good News to rich and poor alike" than by "unenforceable decrees of excommunication." His chapter on "Latin—the Church's Mother Tongue?" is a series of incisive criticisms that answer those who would identify the Church's unity with a common language. Latin, he points out, has not been spoken for centuries; it is not universally used within the Church; it is not intelligible; and it is not a matter of faith but a question of practical and pastoral expediency that has outlived its usefulness. In the same strain he advocates a reform of the breviary, a change in the Canon of the Mass, a delimitation of Roman authority in the local dioceses, and a complete revamping of the missionary structure.

Sometimes Küng overreaches himself in his laudable effort to bring the Church *au courant* with the times. What does he mean when he says, "It is of the very nature of the definitions of the Church to be open to correction and to stand in need of correction"? Or again, in arguing for a federalist concept of Catholicism, "There is no danger of abandonment of anything essentially Catholic. Unity is so firmly assured in the Catholic Church today that separatism is dead"? Or that "For the Catholic it is not ultimately the objective norm of the teaching voice, but the subjective decision of conscience which is finally to decide on a believing acceptance of the revealed truth laid down by the authority of the Church"? Unless they are carefully qualified (which Küng does not do), such statements detract from an otherwise authentic presentation of the Church's self-analysis in a revolutionary age.

BERNARD HARING is a leading moral theologian whose magistral work, *The Law of Christ*, has been translated into seven languages and has already set a new tone in the science of morals by shifting the emphasis from juridical obligation to charity. Häring finds the pervading genius of the Council in its Johannine character, reflecting the spirit of John the Baptist who preached penance and conversion, John the Apostle who taught the primacy of love, and John XXIII whose pontificate opened the age of Christian unity.

Häring criticizes the recent controversies in the Council over means and ends in marriage and is disturbed by what he calls infringement of personal liberty in the prevailing discipline that governs mixed marriages. On the subject of birth control, he hopes that the Council will reaffirm the sinfulness of artificial contraception, while showing "profound compassion and manifest kindness and sympathy for married couples who are entirely in good faith, but who are involved in difficulty with regard to the manner of fulfilling the responsibility of parenthood."

The Thomist Press is to be congratulated for its monumental collection of studies on the theology of the Second Vatican. Twenty-eight contributors have written as many chapters, on such themes as membership in the Church, faith and freedom of thought, ecumenical theology and conversions, the bishop in his diocese, and the place of the liturgy in Christian spirituality. The authors, who represent ten nations, offer a wide spectrum of theological opinion. They include consultants to the hierarchy, advisers, and observer delegates who assisted at the meetings in 1962.

A common note that runs through the essays is a concern for balance in the current movement to adapt the Church's faith and order to the needs of the hour. The old is not to be slavishly repeated, urges the editor, nor the new thoughtlessly parroted; but a genuine effort should be made to draw upon the truth from every source, not excluding the wisdom of the past.

One of the best contributions is James Gaffney's on "Scripture and Tradition in Recent Catholic Thought," in which the author shows that the current agitation for reducing revelation to Scripture

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alone may founder on the shoals of such Catholic dogmas as the Immaculate Conception or Mary's bodily Assumption into heaven. The Church may be said, in such a view, to interpret Scripture (rather than draw on tradition), but then the word "interpret" takes on a strange and confessedly strained meaning.

One of Pope John's hopes in summoning the Council was that it would make the Catholic Church better known and its teachings more appreciated outside the "Roman Circle." In less than a year this is being realized beyond anything that even the sanguine Angelo Roncalli had envisioned. Not the least of the lessons that everyone is learning is the falsity of the myth of a monolithic Catholicism that stifles differences of opinion and allows no freedom of thought except, in Harnack's phrase, within the limits set down by a tyrannical papal king.

Controversy in the Papal Court

Letters from Vatican City: Vatican Council II (First Session) Background and Debates, *by Xavier Rynne (Farrar, Straus. 289 pp. $3.95),* ***and Pope, Council and World: The Story of Vatican II,*** *by Robert Blair Kaiser (Macmillan. 266 pp. $4.95), cover the proceedings and personalities of the ecumenical meetings. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., an associate editor of Fortune, was formerly Time-Life bureau chief in Rome.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

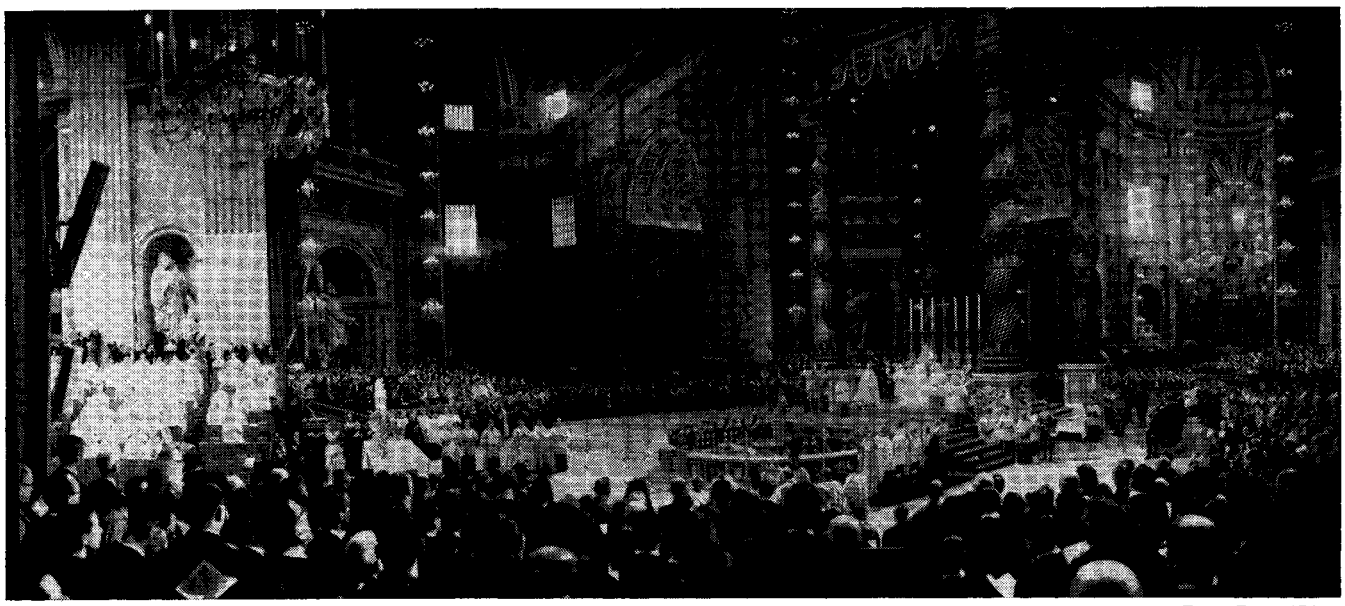
FOR A journalist to cover the Vatican can be the easiest or the hardest of all professional tasks. Dame Rumor is forever flapping through the gorgeous corridors, and, since little of what her many tongues may speak is either officially denied or immediately disproved, nothing is easier than to patch together a day's file for the home office—and ultimately a book—out of her whispers and sidelong glances. On the other hand, nothing is harder to get than the facts —what position a cleric really took, what he actually stands for in Church affairs.

A good job can be done, of course, as both these books testify. Both are basically journalistic in their approach. Both were written by men who are obviously conscientious and responsible. Both men are partisan, and even militant, in church affairs—and, unfortunately, both take up positions on the same side. And both books suffer from a lack of footnotes—the careful documentation, the precise disclosure of sources, that would add a needed note of authority.

As is now well known, "Xavier Rynne" is a pseudonym. The best section of his book is the account of the proceedings of Vatican Council II, parts of which appeared in *The New Yorker* and were, Robert Kaiser tells us, "required reading in Rome by the bishops who were eager to learn." He seems to be out of his depth when it comes to an evaluation, in social and historical terms, of the Council's significance. (His remark that "The Council was essentially a religious experience" hardly covers the point.) But on ground where he is comfortable Mr. Rynne is able and interesting. He has managed to give movement and life to some abstruse arguments and discussions.

He is honest enough to have his villains, too. He comes down hard on Sicily's Cardinal Ernesto Ruffini, whom he characterizes as "a certain type of intransigent theologian who . . . has turned against the modern trend," and who dared publicly to criticise a pontifical document only because he "happened to be a member of the right team." To Rynne, Cardinal Ottaviani is "a prophet of doom . . . whose view it is that in preserving the great heritage of the Church it is more important to caution and to condemn, than to encourage and to persuade." The *Osservatore Romano*'s news releases about the Council were for Rynne "a rehash of the doctrinal explanations to be found in the old, stereotyped Roman Catechism . . . about the only revolutionary proposal that was officially admitted [by the *Osservatore*] to have been made at the Council was the possibility of coming out with a universal calendar." The villains probably deserve his judgments, although they have been hit by sharper arrows in the past.

It is unfortunate for the reader of



—*Roma Press (Pix).*

Second Session of Ecumenical Council, Vatican II, meeting in the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome.

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both books that Mr. Kaiser has the same villains. He describes Ottaviani as a man with "permanently furrowed forehead raftering the low compact skull curving abruptly like the refusal to a direct question, the pentagonal chin, the neckline hidden beneath the bulging jowl, an over-all look of doubting Sphinxlike immobility." A fair description, perhaps, but one that leaves no doubt about Mr. Kaiser's feelings toward the man. And, for the author, Cardinal Ruffini is "the bellwether of the Roman reactionaries." One cannot help yearning somehow for a book that will argue the case that Ruffini and Ottaviani are liberals; it would be most refreshing to have the labels switched for a change.

Pope, Council and World is the more comprehensive of the two books. Described on the flyleaf as *"Time's* Rome correspondent," Mr. Kaiser is a professional journalist of skill and learning who once trained for the priesthood. His book has a pompous title, and in the course of it one meets the first person singular rather unexpectedly and in a manner that is somehow unwelcome. But his style is bright and lively; his book is far better written than Rynne's, for Mr. Kaiser knows how to make contrasts between paragraphs, how to offset the simple statement with the winding sentence, and how to pace his argument energetically and logically.

AND, more than Rynne, Mr. Kaiser is at home in the wider implications of his subject. He is not a historian, but he has written a book that will be valuable to historians, including as it does an account of the actions of Pope John, the related events in the Council, the responses among clergymen from East and West, and the way in which the press covered the affair—all in all, a compendious job. He has spiced it with anecdotes (like the story about the cab driver who, ordered by Ottaviani to take him "to the Council," drove him to Trent), and has shown the usual adeptness of the good *Time* correspondent to use and make the most of the lively quotation.

Despite the competence of these two works, there is room for another book about the Council. Both these authors are, of course, Catholics, and occasionally the reader finds himself asked to accept statements such as Mr. Kaiser's that "The church is the bride of Christ"—a semi-mystical concept that gives the non-Catholic a jolt. Another work—nonmystical, nonpartisan, and hence non-Catholic—on the great historical event that was the Johannine Ecumenical Council could be a significant contribution.

FICTION

Soviets as Soviets See Them

Russians Then and Now: A Selection of Russian Writing from the Seventeenth Century to Our Own Day, *edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Macmillan. 455 pp. $8.50), is designed to reveal "glimpses of the people through the eyes of the country's most perceptive and articulate writers." Ivar Spector, author of "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture," is on the faculty of the University of Washington in Seattle.*

By IVAR SPECTOR

DURING World War II and for several years thereafter a number of "treasuries" and other anthologies of representative works from Russian and Soviet literature made their appearance in the United States and England. Avrahm Yarmolinsky and his wife, Babette Deutsch, contributed to this trend with anthologies of Russian verse and short stories. Due to the changing climate of opinion about the Soviet Union in this country, however, the publication of such collections dwindled to a mere trickle in subsequent years. The appearance of a new volume, including much fresh material, is therefore timely and welcome.

Beginning with three early folk tales pertaining to Ivan Grozny (1530-1584), this book includes seventy-three selections representing the various literary genres, with almost equal coverage devoted to the tsarist era (232 pages) and the Soviet (222 pages). Yarmolinsky provides both prose and poetry (thirty lyrics), with an occasional historical or documentary excerpt of literary merit, such as Klyuchevsky's profile of Peter the Great, Vassily Grossman's description of the Battle of Stalingrad, and Melnikov's "The Komsomol at Work." To such familiar Russian classical writers as Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, *et al.,* he has added Lomonosov, Goncharov, Radishchev, Belyi, Bunin, Mandelstamm, Voloshin, and others. Soviet authors include Babel, Zamyatin, Yesenin, Akhmatova, Trotsky, Mayakovsky, Zoshchenko, Pasternak, Victor Nekrasov, Tvardovsky, Yevtushenko, and Kochetov; but Romanov, Alexey N. Tol-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

U AND I IN A WORD

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to complete twenty U-and-I words according to the definition and number of letters given in each case. Answers on page 62.

1. _ U _ _ _ _ _ _ _ I _	absolute
2. _ _ U _ I _ _	insensible
3. _ _ _ U _ I _ _	inform
4. _ U _ I _ _	vain
5. _ U _ _ I _ _ _	easily duped
6. _ _ U _ I _ _	foster
7. _ _ U _ _ I _ _	confident
8. _ U _ I _ _ _	harmonious
9. _ U _ _ I _ _ _ _	cyclonic storm
10. _ _ U _ I _ _	crassness
11. _ _ U _ _ _ _ I _ _	discretionary
12. _ U _ _ I _ _	grand
13. _ U _ _ _ _ _ I _ _	isolate
14. _ _ _ U _ _ I _ _	foolishness
15. _ _ U _ _ I _ _	lamentation
16. _ U _ _ I _ _	equip
17. _ U _ _ I _ _	external part
18. _ U _ I _ _ _ _ _	uncertain
19. _ _ U _ _ _ _ I _ _	diarist
20. _ _ U _ _ _ I _ _	praise

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stoy, Ehrenburg, Katayev, Panova, Simonov, Polevoi, and Fadeyev are omitted.

In some instances Yarmolinsky has bypassed the most representative works of the major writers in order to present passages that are less well known: Turgenev's "Old Portraits," for instance. He has prefaced the prose selections (and those from Pushkin) with biographical-explanatory notes, essential to the reader's grasp of unfamiliar authors.

Yarmolinsky has produced this book "of Russians by Russians" for outsiders in order to reveal "glimpses of the people through the eyes of the country's most perceptive and articulate writers." In his own words the collection is "a literary sample-case." One should add that he includes not only selections that provide a key to the character of the Russian people, but descriptive passages about town and countryside, the four seasons, holidays, pastimes, customs, and mores, which create an all-embracing Russian atmosphere. The translation is excellent, in some cases even superior to Yarmolinsky's previous work.

His main purpose, as expressed in his foreword, is to enable the reader to acquire a better understanding of the "image" of Russia today. This reviewer cannot help feeling that the goal has not been fully achieved. Whether any selection of literary excerpts could fulfill this purpose is questionable, since Soviet society is far from static and any image glimpsed is transient. Fyodr Tyutchev's definition of Russia, so ably translated by Babette Deutsch, still holds good:

> Not with the mind is Russia comprehended
> The common yardstick will deceive
> In gauging her: so singular her nature—
> In Russia you must just believe.

A Wife Among Many

The Fifth Queen, *by Ford Madox Ford (Vanguard. 592 pp. $6.50), makes available for the first time in America the complete trilogy based on the life of Katharine Howard. Frederick R. Karl wrote "The Contemporary English Novel."*

By FREDERICK R. KARL

THE RECENT resurgence of interest in Ford Madox Ford has led to the first American publication of his Katharine Howard trilogy, *The Fifth Queen, Privy Seal,* and *The Fifth Queen Crowned.* Originally, in the 1890s, Ford had planned to write a life of Henry VIII, but he put aside his research when a professional scholar covered the same ground. In 1906, however, he returned to this material with the first novel of the trilogy, followed by the other two in successive years.

Since this work came after Ford's collaboration with Joseph Conrad on *The Inheritors* and *Romance,* it is not surprising that his approach should be impressionistic, a method that both writers experimented with early. The technique of impressionism in fiction, like that in painting, is concerned with the breakup of narrative into small scenes, which function somewhat as images do in poetry. By this method Ford and Conrad obviously hoped to convey the sense and feel of actual experience. Through the buildup of definite rhythms they tried to create an increasing intensity as the story developed —what Ford called *progression d'effet.* Their ultimate aim was to refract chronological time by roving back and forth through the narrative, suggesting what had passed and what was to come.

The Katharine Howard trilogy is basically of this construction. Impressionism, as Ford recognized, is particularly suited to the historical novel, for the historical background must be slipped in to a much greater degree than in straight fiction. As the story develops, for example, Ford has to bring in Henry's four previous wives and the careers of Lord Privy Seal Thomas Cromwell, the master scholar Nicholas Udal, Katharine's cousin Culpepper, Archbishop Cranmer, and dozens of minor figures who were involved in the plots and counterplots that swirled around Henry's fifth queen.

The danger of the impressionistic method is that the narrative and the controlling idea may be overwhelmed by thousands of fussy details. It is precisely Ford's inability to cope with this technical problem that weakens the trilogy as a whole. The reader comes away with very little sense of either people or events, because he has been carried away in a breathless rush of successive small scenes. There is, moreover, a lack of consistent viewpoint. All significant historical fiction has overtones, meanings, parallels that say something universally true to all ages; this kind of fiction is "historical" only in the sense that it deals with past eras. Its content does not date. Ford, on the contrary, finds little in Henry's career, and particularly in his relationship with Katharine, that has any meaning beyond the king's own feelings. And even Henry remains somewhat shadowy—gruff, gross, good-hearted, hopelessly divided—as though Ford could not make up his mind what kind of man he was depicting.

An even greater weakness occurs in the conception and treatment of Katharine herself. Obviously sympathetic toward her ambiguous position at Henry's court and favorably disposed toward her Catholicism, Ford created a character who is neither attractive for her consistency nor interesting for her inconsistency. Unlike Ford's young woman, the real Katharine Howard was far from perfect; her affair with her cousin, Culpepper, both before and after her marriage to Henry, indicates a different kind of girl, one surely more human. Ford dims out her faithlessness, as he dims out the fact that she was more an empty-headed slip of a girl than a brooding young woman.

"How about a second one? Be the first two-tree family in your neighborhood."

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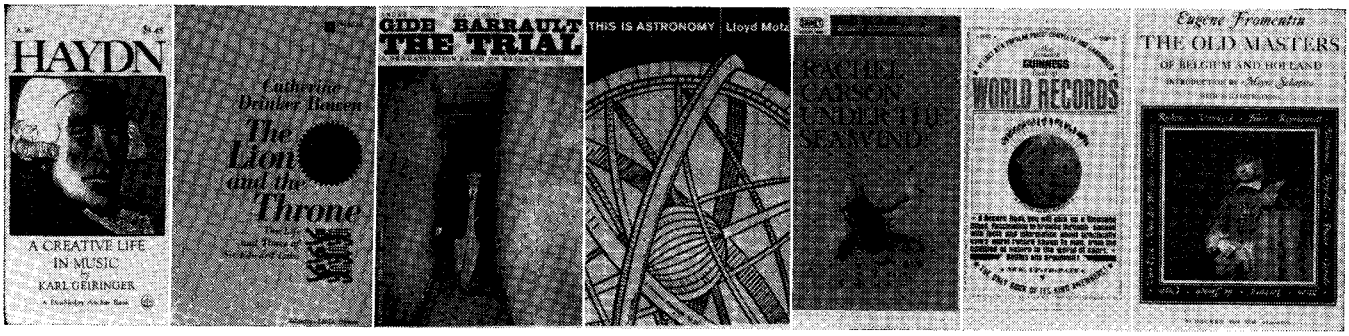

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

It's that time of year when we sit back and sift through the year's accumulation of paperback books. Some in boxed and formal editions are made for Christmas giving; among them is the fifth Dell printing of Carl Sandburg's *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years* (75¢ each), from the author's Lincoln biography. Equally impressive in format is Winston S. Churchill's four-volume *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (Bantam, $5).

Of course, you can make up your own set: collecting, for instance, John Steinbeck's novels, of which Compass has a shelfful; or a Joyce Cary trilogy, like *Prisoner of Grace, Except the Lord,* and the recently published *Not Honour More* (Universal, $1.45).

Finally, let us apprise you of a book called *My Most Memorable Christmas* (Pocket Books, $1), in which are offered the touching reminiscences of such people as Pat Boone, Guy Lombardo, Hugh Downs, and Don Ameche. If by the time you reach the end you haven't had enough, there's a place to write down your very own favorite Christmas. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. By Ken Kesey. Signet. 75¢. A forceful and moving novel about martyrdom in a mental hospital.

SOME PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS THAT WILL NOT APPEAR IN MY NEXT NOVEL. By John Cheever. Bantam. 50¢. The setting is usually suburbia, but the anguish is universal.

A SEVERED HEAD. By Iris Murdoch. Compass. $1.45. Wry, comical, and dispassionate account of passion and/or love.

MORTE D'URBAN. By J. F. Powers. Popular Library. 60¢. This year's National Book Award winner for fiction; a highly original story about a priest very much of the twentieth century.

CATCH-22. By Joseph Heller. Dell. 75¢. A wild, absurd, and unique novel of the air force in wartime.

TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. Signet. 75¢. Washington Square Press. 90¢. Read the book first—then see the movie.

DOMBEY AND SON. By Charles Dickens. Premier. 95¢. No Christmas list could be complete without a Dickens novel, and this is one of the best.

Theatre

THE NEW THEATRE OF EUROPE. Edited by Robert W. Corrigan. Delta. $2.25. Topnotch collection of contemporary drama, including Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* and Ugo Betti's *Corruption in the Palace of Justice.*

MUSICAL COMEDY IN AMERICA. By Cecil Smith. Theatre Arts Books. $2.60. From the naughty gaieties of the 1860s to Rodgers and Hammerstein, a nostalgic recollection.

THREE PLAYS. By Harold Pinter. Evergreen. $1.95. A trio by yet another of those bright young Englishmen.

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE ZOO STORY; THE SANDBOX and THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH. By Edward Albee. Signet. 60¢ each. These one-act plays by the author of *Who's Afaid of Virginia Woolf?* are witty and grotesque.

LUTHER. By John Osborne. Signet. 60¢. An import from Britain, and one of Broadway's best-of-the-year.

THE TRIAL. By André Gide and Jean-Louis Barrault. Schocken. $1.45. A distinguished dramatization of Kafka's enigmatic novel about the man named K who is accused of an unnamed crime.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF RICHARD WILBUR. Harvest. $1.95.

THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. $2.45.

SELECTED POEMS. By Stanley Kunitz. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $1.65.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Donald Hall. Penguin. $1.25.

PATERSON. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $1.85.

THE COMPLETE POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by J. Max Patrick. Anchor. $1.95.

LYRIC POEMS AND BALLADS. By Heinrich Heine. McGraw-Hill. $2.35.

ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETRY. Edited by Harold Bloom. Anchor. 2 vols. $1.45 each.

THE VIKING BOOK OF FOLK BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. Edited by Albert B. Friedman. Compass. $2.25.

The Outdoors

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN TREES. By Carlton C. Curtis and S. C. Bausor. Collier. 95¢. Clear, concise handbook to some 1,000 trees, both common and uncommon.

UNDER THE SEA WIND. By Rachel Carson. Signet. 60¢. All manner of littoral life, lovingly, carefully described.

A GUIDE TO BIRDWATCHING. By Joseph J. Hickey. Anchor. $1.25. Not a field guide, but rather an informative handbook to a gentle art.

THIS IS ASTRONOMY. By Lloyd Motz. Columbia University Press. $1.75. Stargazing for beginners, neatly and concisely explored.

History

THE POTEMKIN MUTINY. By Richard Hough. Spectrum. $1.95. A crisp report of the 1905 uprising aboard a Russian battleship.

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THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE. By Robert Cromie. McGraw-Hill. $2.65. Suspenseful account of the great holocaust, set against the background of a city in flux.

RICHELIEU AND THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By C. V. Wedgwood. Collier. $1.50. A stylishly told biography of the cardinal who ruled seventeenth-century France.

MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE FLORENCE. By Ferdinand Schevill. Harper. 2 vols. $1.75 each. A distinguished historian writes of the days when intrigue and elegance formed the warp and woof of Italian life.

Biography

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Scenes of Childhood

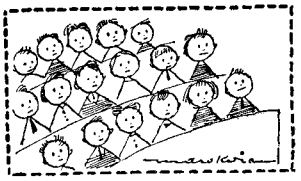
FRANK and Eleanor Perry, the couple responsible for that fine film of a year ago, *David and Lisa*, have attempted to continue their courageous path in their new film, *Ladybug, Ladybug*, but this time have found the going harder. Mrs. Perry's script is based on an incident that occurred a few years ago in California, when a civil defense alarm system went out of whack and sent a schoolhouse full of children into a panic. In the story, as reconstructed by her and her husband (who produced and directed), the so-called yellow alert sounds, and the principal is unable to reach anyone by telephone to find out whether or not a nuclear attack is actually imminent. For some reason, there are no radios or television sets to turn on, and the principal sends the children home, some by bus and some by foot. Through a series of circumstances several of the children don't find out for hours that the alarm is false, and the situation is used by the Perrys as a virtual sermon on the legacy of dread being passed to our children.

A serious subject, certainly. A worthwhile try, too. But unfortunately the Perrys manage to make their story neither suspenseful nor very meaningful, mainly because the didactic purpose is evident from the beginning, and because the terms in which the tale is told are not convincing. Let us pass over the baneful coincidences that make teachers and children assume the holocaust is about to come and say, merely, that they're hard to take and make us uneasy from the very beginning. The unease, for the audience, grows almost unbearable because everyone is patently behaving foolishly, selfishly, ridiculously, or a combination of all three. Worse, as far as establishing our belief is concerned, the children seem less like contemporary kids than like A students at schools of performing arts whose elocutionary talents had set them apart from the age of three or four. Perhaps this is also because the dialogue given them is loaded with phrases that express, continually, the awful pity of it all.

It would seem that the Perrys got carried away with the largeness and urgency of their theme and felt that no chance should be missed to shove it down our throats. Thus the film moves solemnly to one impressive cliché after another, each telegraphed long in advance and each naturally falling flat. Most of the children emerge as priggish or shrieky (Miles Chapin is the one exception), and the adult actors seem plucked from lugubrious television series about doctors, lawyers, and social workers. One wishes that serious intentions were enough, but here they aren't.

The French children in *The War of the Buttons* (adapted from the Louis Pergaud novel) are not only far livelier, but they talk disgracefully—at an opposite extreme, we might say, from the way the American kids talk in *Ladybug, Ladybug*. So scatological is their speech at times that the subtitles for this French film, directed by Yves Robert, presented an enormous problem, both because much of the humor in the movie is dependent upon the salty language used and because English equivalents were obviously hard to come by. The task was given to Noelle Gillmor, and she has done her duty with such forthrightness that I find it difficult to say outright just what childish expressions caused the war between the boys of Longeverne and the boys of Velrans, two neighboring villages.

But to war they go. The bands of boyish troops fight with sticks and stones, make captures, cut off buttons from each other's clothing, chalk insulting messages on the walls of houses. The war machines used by each side grow more inventive; one boy mounts a farm horse and scatters the opponents; in retaliation a boy from the other side borrows his father's tractor and runs roughshod over a cabin built by the boys from the other village. Trophies are taken, informants operate, and it soon becomes apparent that the sons have absorbed and are imitating the ways of their elders. If *Lord of the Flies* had not come along so recently, this film might have seemed more inventive and original, and the point it makes might have come with more forcefulness. But by now I'm willing to admit (I give up, in fact) that war is childish and foolish, and that children ought to be occupied with other goals.



As actors, though, the French children are fine, often appealing. But as much as I liked them, I still think one and all should have had their months washed with old-fashioned soap. Toilet humor is not, after all, the best kind.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Action Speaks Loudest

"GROUP W," the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, sponsored a conference in Cleveland recently on "Local Public Service Programing." "Communications and Communities" was the major theme; Donald H. McGannon, president, delivered the keynote address. "Leadership is action, not position," he said. "Change presses upon the broadcaster and his only valid choice, as public communicator and member of a free society, is to anticipate change and even create it."

Shortly before the conference, LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, had commented in the press on a long report released by Chairman E. William Henry of the FCC on the Omaha hearings held early this year to study that city's local live television programing. The NAB president said he shared the FCC chairman's concern over the "illness" of local live TV, but he held that Mr. Henry's proposed remedies were worse. The new chairman had urged an intensification of the dialogue between the public and the licensees. He suggested that stations make announcements on the air illuminating their legal obligations to the public, their programing applications, and their financial statements.

As I listened to the keynote address in Cleveland, I recalled the NAB president's statement. Mr. McGannon's definition of leadership was a yardstick by which one could measure the comparative performances of the national and regional organization in local live programing. Mr. Collins terms the latter "basic to our system." The sum of NAB leadership over the years in response to FCC prodding has been a constant, familiar reiteration of "position."

Westinghouse for the past seven years has been trying to do something, rather than merely talk about it. The Cleveland conference was the seventh annual meeting planned by Richard H. Pack, vice-president of programs, and designed to encourage station owners and creative staff to improve their local service. I was impressed by its style, by its estimated $100,000 cost, by its careful preparation, and by the generally high level of analysis and constructively critical exhortation.

Raymond Gram Swing, senior political commentator for the Voice of America, took part in one of its workshops. Concluding, Mr. Swing stated: "I am greatly cheered that a conference such as this is taking place. They weren't holding them in my early years as a broadcaster. It is a proof of the sense of maturity. I congratulate myself and you all on being here." Calls were sounded by perceptive speakers for more depth in news coverage, professional attitudes of responsibility, confrontation rather than conflict in the handling of diversities in communities, courage to present controversy, and the elusive qualities of creativity and new talent. "This is all very inspiring," whispered one station owner in the audience, "but the trouble is I've got to go back to my community and make a buck."

The conference, attended by several hundred invited broadcasters, displayed public service efforts of some of the wealthier stations. The narrow-scoped provinciality that characterizes many smaller station managers was inadvertently revealed. One radio station manager from the Midwest told of a survey he had made to determine what his audience wants. He said he found them content with his schedule of music, news, and weather. Listeners did ask for "more religion," he reported. "I added a ten-minute hymn program to the morning schedule, got a good tenor with an electric organ in the studio, and he does very well." That apparently took care of religion.

One news director said his policy was to "present the facts only . . ., the short of it . . . for America on the move." Another protested that broadcasting could not have a Walter Lippmann or Scotty Reston because "this kind of analysis is not commercially acceptable." A Chicago broadcaster who had testified in a local television programing inquiry in his city in 1962 admitted that the hearings had prompted him to produce a highly profitable public affairs program. "With this show," he remarked, "we might recoup all the money we spent on those damned hearings."

The conference exposed the unyielding, almost neurotic tensions and paradoxes of the local commercial broadcaster's role in the United States. But if he is ever to make substantial progress toward higher standards, it will not be through the leadership of unchanging "position" but through the kind of action Group W exemplified in Cleveland. Why, one wonders, is the best professional broadcasters' conference sponsored by a regional group and not by the NAB itself? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Coming Up Roses

WHEN the television sets all over the USA light up on New Year's morning, many a viewer will be suffering the effects of the night before. So, for that matter, will be a number of men wearing white suits who will be found bustling around the screens trying to get the Tournament of Roses parade under way. The difference is that while the viewers may be suffering hangovers, the white-suited officials will merely have headaches. Neither will have had much of a night's sleep.

The seventy-fifth running of the Tournament of Roses will, as always, roll up Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena, past a million and a half live viewers seated in grandstands set up on the stately lawns. For weeks now, as the metal supports were swung into place and the benches laid atop them, the street-corner box offices have been peddling tickets at $6 per vacant piece of board. As usual, the competition has been lively, with grandstand builders on one side of the street erecting signs to remind ticket-seekers that the sun will be at their backs if they reserve here. The competitors across the street send back the sally, reminding the public that no trees impede the view from *their* side.

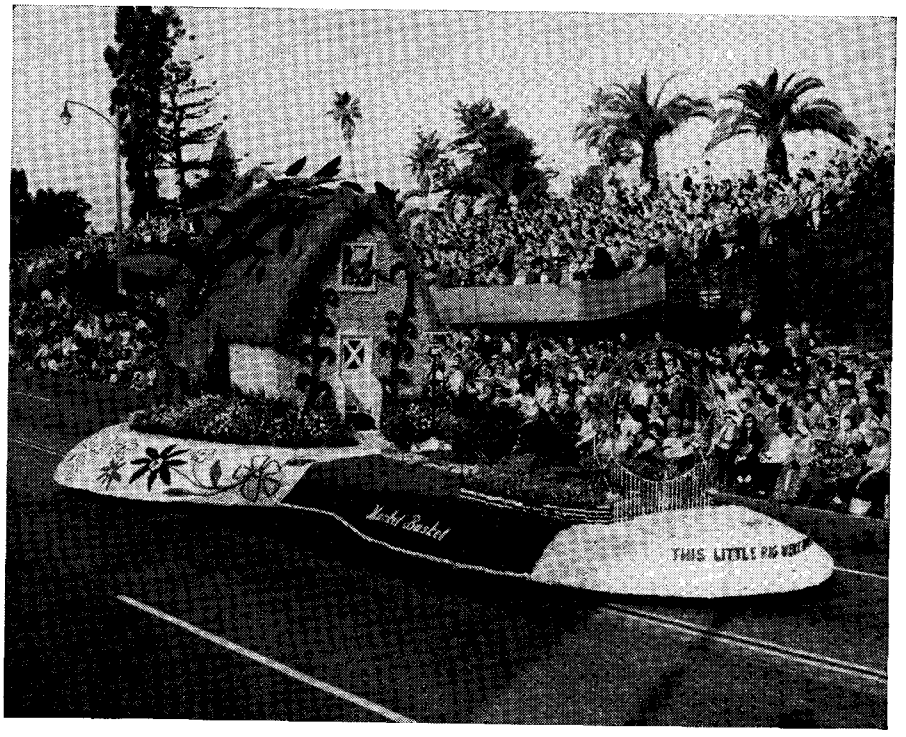
The fact that two television networks, NBC and CBS, will televise the event, one of them in color, doesn't seem to diminish the crowds who want to see the flowers and the floats in person. A million and a half people come to town for the day, swamping hotel accommodations of Pasadena and spilling over into the few rooms in private homes that have not been taken over by visiting bands, visiting float sponsors, and visiting horsemen. The seventy-fifth running calls for sixty floats, twenty-one bands, and 240 horses, many of them wearing $100,000 saddles of etched and engraved silver. All told, there will be a lode of $3,000,000 in saddles in town for the event.

Bands, which are en route this year from Tennessee, Oregon, Michigan, Virginia, and Montana (a state holding its own centennial in 1964), pay their own way to California. Many of the drum thumpers and horn blowers spend the summer cleaning barns, selling candy, and washing cars in order to make the trip. Nashville, whose Isaac Litton High School will be in the line of march, sent an ample committee out to California months ago just to "take measurements," as the tournament people put it. The cost of transporting 120 unsalaried young musicians across the country, and feeding and housing them while they are in town, is about $40,000. All they get is a football ticket, a lunch, a souvenir button, a trip to Disneyland, and a fleeting exposure on nationwide television. It seems to be enough, for as soon as the yearly parade is televised every band leader in the country puts down his baton, picks up a pen, and invites his aggregation to next year's procession.

Of the sixty floats on the line of march, only ten, by edict of the committee, may be sending some sly commercial message wrapped so cunningly in the flowers. The rest represent nations, states, and communities, all of whose motives are considered to be beyond the pale of commercialism. Ireland, Belgium, Holland, and Japan all have had entries at one time or another, but Mexico seems to be the only stout holdover. It will be the lone foreign entrant for this seventy-fifth running, which unfortunately falls in a year when foreign governments are already being dunned for the spectacle on Flushing Meadows which opens in April. States are fair game, especially when holding their own centennials. There have been three of these in a row. In addition to its state band, Montana is sending Senator Mike Mansfield as well as its Governor, who will flick a switch at Pasadena, jiggling all the lights and electric clocks back home and thus signaling the start of centennial year.

Float building has become a lively industry in gentle old Pasadena and there are now twelve companies engaged in the profession. They take an idea, draw it on paper, then execute it in flowers. All the float must be covered by petals, blooms, or leaves, all of which must be real and their colors natural. Pasadena looks down its flowery nose at Portland's June festival of roses, in which colors may be sprayed on the flowers. In Pasadena the float makers have solved such problems of Lincoln's beard with black hyacinth roots, and have covered the golden beak of the Quaker Oats eagle with orange peels. The fact that the citrus growers bring out the color of fruit with gas has not been mentioned.

Although the flowers that decorated the vehicles once grew in Pasadena's backyard, it now takes flower growers across the state and, for that matter, across the ocean to supply the need. Chrysanthemums are grown in Southern California, roses come from Northern California, and vanda orchids and ti leaves are flown by the planeload from Hawaii. After a cocoon has been built over the chicken wire that forms the shape of the float, the flowers are pinned or pasted on or sometimes stuck into styrofoam. Even the glue is made from vegetables. The work must end by midnight of New Year's Eve, when the floats are moved into position. By sunup the line of march must be ready, and by 8:45 they're away. After the parade the floats live for two days more in a floodlit compound where the public may come to view the fleeting artistry that will turn into withered blooms in a mat-



Tournament of Roses parade—"a lively industry in Pasadena."

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ter of hours. The third week in January the whole thing starts all over again with the election of the next Tournament of Roses president.

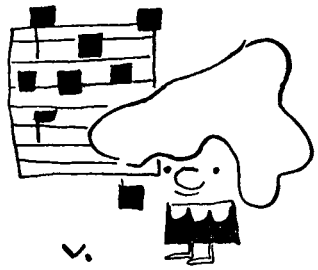
Floats cost anywhere from $10,000 to $18,000 depending upon the animation that has been built in, but all must follow a theme. Themes have been as historical as "Pages from the Ages" and "Famous Firsts" and as airy as "Daydreams in Flowers." This year's theme, "Symbols of Freedom," is indicative of the times. It has produced the first Negro float ever to appear at Pasadena. Sponsored by the Centennial Rose Parade Committee, it will emphasize "Freedom Bursts Forth" and commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Emanicipation Proclamation. It is not the first time a social message has been incorporated in a display. The thirty-first parade, in 1920, included an entry from the WCTU, whose float carried the telling sign "Victory." Prohibition had gone into effect that very day, the first of the new year.

In Pasadena the presidency of the festival is considered more of an honor than being mayor. Candidates work for it through the years as members of committees that deal variously with music, horses, floats, the press, and invitations. Because of the president's traditional New Year's Day garb he has become known as the Man in the White Suit.

The white-suited ones not only do all the work (at no pay) that is not done by the paid executive committee, but must also be as prepared as a Boy Scout to step into a mid-parade emergency. Although all sorts of extra gear is built into cars and test runs are made before parade day, the men in white have had to cope with drivers who spoke no English, with drivers who have walked off the float because their hidden quarters were too hot, with weather, and with unforeseen shortages of equipment. In 1898 the Whittier School Band found all the rigs rented and was unable to make it to Pasadena to join the parade. In 1899 the first rain of the tournament's history fell on Pasadena, turning the dirt streets to mud. The parade never began to move through the ooze until deep in the afternoon. The entry from the Hotel Green made the march bereft of its parasoled ladies, who stayed indoors. Sunny Southern California was drenched in a forty-eight-hour deluge before the 1934 march. The grand marshal, fittingly enough, was the leading naval officer of the day, Admiral William Sims. The Southern California Girls' Band sang "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," but four of the twenty-two bands never made it to the line of march.

If there is any similarity between Pasadena's big flower show and the Bataille des Fleurs in Nice it is not unusual. A traveler and lecturer, Dr. Charles Holder, observed the event on the Riviera, where flower growing is an industry, back in 1886. Back in Pasadena, three years later, he generated interest among the members of the Valley Hunt Club, who decided to hold a New Year's Day parade. With their rigs and their persons festooned with blossoms, they set out in a line to have a picnic at Sportsman's Park, where they later competed in horsemanship. A reporter who was assigned, so the story insists, to the livery stable beat found that all the horses and carriages in the neighborhood had been rented out for the Pasadena promenade. He decided to cover the event. His dispatches about this unusual floral display reached Midwestern and Eastern readers when those parts of the country were under snow. The festival was so widely talked about that a few years later the Valley Hunt Club was forced to give up sponsorship, and the Tournament of Roses Association was formed.

Athletic events have always been part of the rose parade, beginning with a hundred-yard dash, a mile run, and horse and burro races in 1890. The main event was a tug of war between teams from Pasadena and Duarte. For some unexplained reason the winners were given a manicure set. Later, bicycle races were added, and then polo. The first football game was held between Michigan and Stanford in 1902, but the tournament officials went back to polo in 1903. *Ben*



Hur was a popular book, so chariot races were begun in 1903, lapsing into ostrich races by 1913, not to mention a runoff between an elephant and a camel. Football never returned until 1916, when Brown played Washington State. The Rose Bowl, despite its uncertain athletic beginnings, is the father of the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, and the Sugar Bowl, not to mention those two remote relations, Alaska's Ice Bowl and Hawaii's Hula Bowl. None of them ever seemed to amass the history of the Rose Bowl, which has seen the last appearance of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame in 1925, Johnny Mack Brown's march on Washington in 1926, and Roy Riegel's renowned wrong-way run in 1929. In a quick kick that same year the ball went flat. Nobody could say that about the yearly festival, however, and for seventy-five years come this New Year's Day, everything has been coming up roses in Pasadena. —Horace Sutton.

Urban Renewal: Chicago

By Janet Harper

An old ornate cake crumbling
the house across is windowed with doors.
A woman stoops for a wadded sock
dropped from her basket.
Waiting the boy pulls zinnias
by the fence shredding petals
that spark and darken over the curb.

(Night scent hazed edgestones
to dark bunched bouquets,
grass spiraled rose tobacco,
was even love illusion?
A bird's cry cleared that mist.
If only I had stretched
to catch that bell of sound,
it would have melted silver
through my fingers.)

An old man crosses
the brown mosaic of glass.
In the doorway he sits chin tilted
warming wings of collarbone.
He lifts his hands cupping
heat, life, red and overflowing
a peony of light.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 15

letter one time from Scott Fitzgerald, or that he grasps at this rather ragged shred of the past to the point of embarrassment.

Two things are clear: 1) Mr. Winston missed a lot by not staying sober; 2) Mr. Levin evidently had a hard day when he included such nonsense in a column of usually consistent worth.

DONALD H. TREESE.
Gettysburg, Pa.

Looking Ahead

I ENJOYED READING the review by J. H. Plumb of *The Memoirs of Lord Chandos* [*SR*, Nov. 9], but it contained, in my opinion, one incorrect assumption. Britons are definitely *not* finding their New Frontier with Harold Wilson. They are, like most other peoples who have lived under one government for a lengthy period, seeking a change and it so happens that Harold Wilson is the one and only person to whom we can turn. At the moment, I am convinced that this desire does not prevail for purely political reasons; it merely stems from the feeling that "somebody else might make a better job of things." However, the general election next year will force both major political parties to clarify their points of policy, something which Harold Wilson has certainly not done yet, and those will be the issues around which our choice will revolve.

It remains to be seen whether this desire for a change will still be as strong. Many people are beginning to doubt it.

I hope you will publish this letter since, like many Britons, I am anxious that people in America can see the current political situation here through the eyes of the ordinary voter, particularly in view of the fact that tragedy has brought a change of leadership for you.

W. D. ALLISTER.
Coventry, England

Trees and Forests

I WAS RATHER perturbed with the implication John G. Fuller left toward the end of his November 2 TRADE WINDS column, in his statement that the real danger in conservation seems to be in the destructive timber practices on private forest lands.

How Mr. Fuller arrived at this conclusion is something that completely eludes me. Industrial forest land owners and other private woodland owners have made a vast contribution to the cause of conservation through tree farming. Current timber appraisals show that we are growing some 25 per cent more timber than we are harvesting and losing to fire, insects, and disease combined. The American Tree Farm Program, sponsored by American Forest Products Industries, has in its short existence (twenty-three years) enrolled more than 26,000 tree farms comprising over 63,000,000 acres of forest land.

The forest industries are spending millions of dollars annually for massive reforestation programs, forest fire prevention, wood utilization, forest genetics, and other research. Further, the forest industries believe in and promote the multiple use of the forests. This forward-looking concept recognizes all values and the full bounty of the forests, including the production of timber, water and soil conservation, recreation and wildlife habitat. A little-known fact is that the forest industries make available more than 50,000,000 acres of their timberlands for recreational purposes.

ARMAND ROTONDA, District Manager,
American Forest Products Industries.
Washington, D.C.

. . . "More tinsel" . . .

Editorial

Continued from page 14

who has the power to incinerate millions of human beings. The only possible defense is to take that power away from him. If the President's assassin had been unable to obtain the murder weapon, his bitterness would not have been lethal.

In any event, the key fact about the extensive precautions now taken against unintended nuclear war is that these safeguards are directed mainly to the danger of war through accident rather than to arbitrary decision by someone in a position to explode a bomb. The safeguards cannot possibly guard against the volatility, variability, and unpredictability of human personality.

It will be argued that only a few men possess the power to authorize a nuclear war. This is correct; but many men possess the power to detonate the bombs that could start a war without authorization. The proof of this fact resides in the very efforts taken by military officials to convince a possible enemy that no surprise attack, however vast, can destroy the certainty of retaliation. Even if the President, every one in line of Presidential succession, and the nation's top military commanders are all killed in the first wave of an attack, there will always be someone down the line to respond with nuclear force. This is what is meant by credibility. The enemy must believe there are literally hundreds of men in a position to punish him with devastating nuclear counterattack.

Few themes have challenged the thoughts of philosophers through the ages more than the idea of the fragility of human life. Even a drop of water, says Pascal, can suffice to destroy him. But now, as the culmination of a century of science, man must also ponder the fragility of his civilization. Generally, a disaster had to be experienced before man developed the means to deal with it or prevent its recurrence. How does mankind protect itself against something that has never happened before? How does it protect itself against the supremely irrational, against something that lies far outside the range of the improbables? How can the same sense of biting reality that a man attaches to his next paycheck be extended to questions concerning human destiny?

If human history is now drawing to a close, it is not because of any malevolence or incompetence deep within the species but because the human mind seems unable to convince itself that its own destiny is the issue. —N.C.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

William's Debut—Return of Price, Sutherland

JOHN WILLIAMS is not the ringingly distinctive name that Andreas Sogovia is, but the John Williams who made his debut in Town Hall recently may make it so for the same reason—outstanding ability on the guitar. A native of Australia who has been living and studying in London for a decade, he came to New York via Japan and the West Coast. This may not be according either to Horace Greeley or Edmund Hoyle, but the discerning coterie of listeners who gave him a warm welcome could hardly have cared less.

Study with Segovia has been among Williams's privileges, but it also entails some obligations—such as comparisons. The only valid one is the clear conclusion that the youthful Williams has made enormously profitable use of his opportunity to acquire the indispensables of superior performance on any instrument: close identification with its internal resonance as well as its external mechanics. The distinctively stringy, warmly vibrant sound he produces is proof not only of the skill he commands in touch and stroke, but also of his possession of a highly critical sense of what he wants to hear. Together they characterize the intuitive as well as the cultivated musician, for without intuition, cultivation could hardly have carried him so far so soon.

If there was a fault to be found with Williams's debut, it would be directed at a program that lacked a major interpretive challenge, such as the Bach Chaconne. Bach he did play—four movements of the E-major Partita for violin (described as the "Lute Suite IV")—as well as Galilei (four pieces), Dowland (two short works), and Paganini (a sonata in A). He met the requirements of Bach's prelude and the gigue as capably as he did the twenty-four etudes of Sor on a recent recording, but the kind of program that builds to a cumulative experience was sorely missed (Torroba, Stephen Dodgson, Ponce, and Turina came later). Certainly he should be heard again, and soon—preferably in matter of more weight and substance.

The quantity of artistic singing at the Metropolitan—no small part of the season's mediocrity thus far—was more than doubled by the reappearance in the same week of Leontyne Price in *Aïda* and Joan Sutherland in *La Sonnambula*. What singers of this order contribute to a performance is much more than the addition of their own talents, however special. It is, rather, on the order of multiplication, in their total effect on those associated with them.

This was particularly the case with the matinee *Aïda*, for the rivals-in-affection were Carlo Bergonzi (Radames) and Rita Gorr (Amneris), each capable of making a quality contribution, with Cesare Siepi as Ramfis and Mario Sereni as Amonasro. At the outset it seemed that Miss Price might be experimenting with something new in the way of production in her lower register (thicker, darker than usual) on behalf of greater "dramatic" impact. Actually, the results were both better to hear and more dramatic to see the closer she reverted to her normally strong, straightforward attack, especially from the Nile Scene on. She was at her most persuasive in the final duet, in which—perhaps by the kind of suggestive example previously mentioned—Bergonzi also attained a melting lyricism rarely heard from him or any other recent Radames. If this does not qualify him as a lineal successor to Gigli, nothing will. Miss Gorr also excelled any prior attainment of hers here, perhaps only for the reason that she is now settled and at home on this stage. Georg Solti made his usual contribution from the conductor's desk.

With Miss Sutherland, the circumstances are somewhat otherwise, if only because the response-in-kind is far less accessible to the singers associated with her (always excluding the responsibly artistic Giorgio Tozzi as Count Rodolfo). However, Amina is *La Sonnambula*'s justification for being given at the Metropolitan (or elsewhere), and when Miss Sutherland frames Bellini's arching melodies and limpid phrases with the even flow of sound at her command, the justification is self-evident. This time, indeed, it was appreciably more self-evident than previously, for Miss Sutherland seems to have settled into a relationship with her surroundings where she was giving a performance rather than proving a point. She was warmly welcomed, as she has been before; but it was now less an encouragement for things to come than an acknowledgement of heights already scaled.

Aside from Tozzi (who has sung "Va ravviso" with smoother legato on other occasions), the heaviest burden was borne by John Alexander as Elvino, in place of Nicolai Gedda. Alexander's sound is sturdy rather than elegant, his manner aspiring rather than assured. What he achieved by main force was a tribute to resolution and strong nerve, but it was rarely Bellini as Bellini should be sung, whether by soprano or mezzo, baritone or bass. Where ease is lacking, so is conviction in such music. Alexander could be commended for effort, but the strain of his range in the area of a top C was all too plain; as for the turns and embellishments, they came much harder to him than to Gedda (assuming that he was trying to sing the same notes). I rather preferred Lili Chookasian of last year's cast to this year's Teresa (Janis Martin), and Jeanette Scovotti showed no greater ability to make something meaningful of Lisa than she had before. As for Silvio Varviso, there was less he could do to underplay *Sonnambula* than *Magic Flute*, which left the musical direction about on the level of Rolf Gerard's decor, Henry Butler's direction, and Zachary Solov's choreography—synthetic rather than authentic.

There was instruction as well as pleasure in the concert of the Toronto Symphony presented in Carnegie Hall by its management as part of a "festival of visiting orchestras." It showed that Walter Susskind, who has been resident director since 1956, is capable of instituting a musical standard on an international level and, in such a work as Hindemith's "St. Francis" (*Noblissima Visione*) suite, delivering a performance admirable in itself, without respect to point of origin. The strings have warmth as well as precision, the woodwinds and brass blend well, the spiritual as well as the physical tone of the whole is resonantly affirmative. The obligatory novelty was Harry Somers's *Movement*, a rather characterless exhibition of technical command; the soloist was soprano Lois Marshall in the *Last Songs* of Richard Strauss.

On the same evening in Philharmonic Hall, Erich Leinsdorf opened the December visit of the Boston Symphony with a program whose obligatory novelty was William Sydeman's ten-minute *Study*. This might as well have been called *Movement*, for it probed no closer to the expression of an individual point of view. For his soloist, Leinsdorf offered Idil Biret, a young pianist born in Turkey and nurtured in Paris. How this added to an aptitude for the third concerto of Rachmaninoff was no more apparent in the performance than in the promise. Miss Biret is an accomplished technician and well-schooled musician; but she is short of the pianistic power or the dramatic flair for successful coexistence with Rachmaninoff's orchestra. Leinsdorf's intentions were gentlemanly enough, but he could hardly temper the lion-like music to his lamb-like soloist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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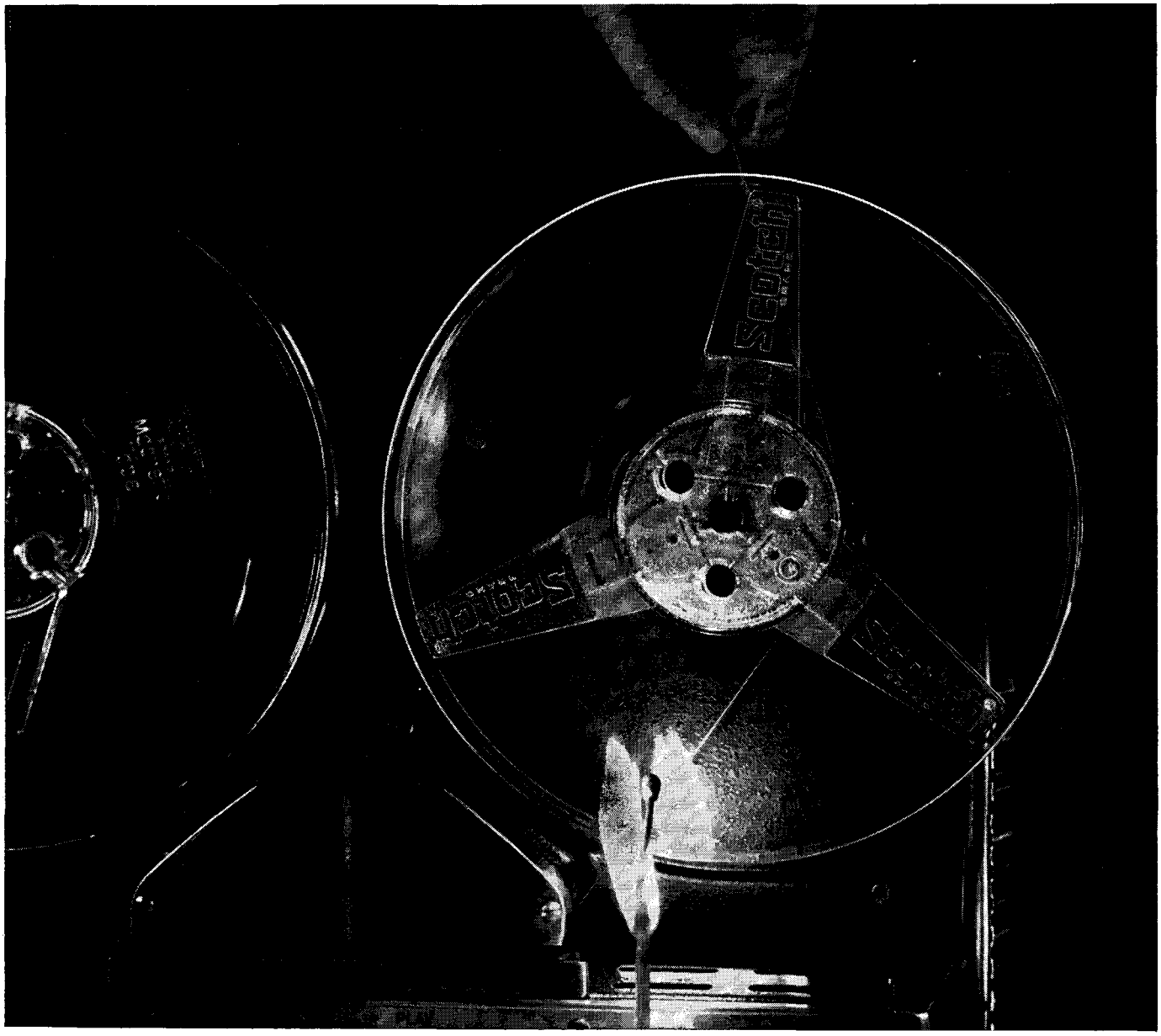

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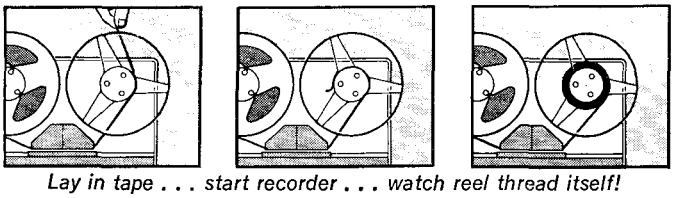

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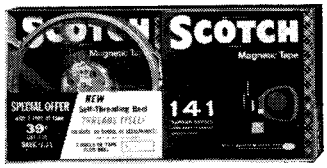

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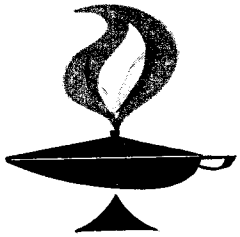

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Into the Century of the Educated Man

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this guest editorial, Francis Keppel, is U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

AT THE time of President Kennedy's death, I had served almost a year as his Commissioner of Education. In late November 1962, he called me to the Office of Education from Harvard University, where I had been dean of the Graduate School of Education. He swore me into office in the Cabinet Room of the White House. This act showed a personal interest, which I saw again and again in the months that followed, a determination to strengthen the quality of American education from primary to postgraduate school.

The cause of federal aid to education had been argued before the Congress under previous administrations, both by legislators and by educators, but without notable success. It was customarily presented as fragments of the problem, rather than the whole problem. But this youngest of Presidents saw education in a different light. He saw it as a major national legislative issue to be dealt with in a major way.

This led to my next meeting with him at Palm Springs, Florida. There we reviewed drafts of a comprehensive education bill. It was an ambitious program, both in its bold outlines and in its many details. And it was soon evident that the President wanted action in education and intended to get it.

In January, shortly after he presented this blockbuster of an education bill to the Congress, he was on the telephone. My astonished secretary, who had served in the office for more than a decade, said it was the first time in her memory that the President of the United States had placed a call to the Office of Education. The memorandum in the files recorded: "The President asked how Mr. Keppel was making out." The legislative battle had just begun, but I told him what, at the moment, seemed most possible of enactment in our proposed legislation, what most difficult, and that I was making out as well as I had any right to expect.

A substantial portion of President Kennedy's comprehensive education bill is scheduled for enactment in the first session of the 88th Congress. There is no doubt in my mind that he hoped and planned to get favorable action on the rest of the measure in the second session, especially in strengthening our elementary and secondary schools—the foundation of our educational system.

In his New Frontier, the climate for intellect had manifestly improved. In Washington and elsewhere, it was no longer fashionable to speak of learned men as either "eggheads" or as "longhairs." He believed that intellectual achievement was at least as admirable as any other attainment in our society. We had several other talks about programs—not necessarily legislation—that would encourage young people to study and to put academic excellence at the top of their own list of priorities.

With President Kennedy's death, my mind went forward to the new President. Lyndon Johnson's first address to Congress made his views clear.

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But I was already persuaded that in education he, too, would press forward with high purpose.

Last June, when I attended the commencement at Tufts College in Medford, Massachusetts, Vice President Johnson made the commencement address. He called his talk "The Century of the Educated Man." Early in this century, he said, the popular figure of oratory had been the so-called common man. But it was no longer appropriate to be common or ordinary in a time of uncommon and extraordinary change. The great need now was for the educated man, "committed to the quest for learning."

Education, he went on to say in this Massachusetts town, was no exclusive privilege of anyone. It was part and parcel of our national heritage, a basic right to be shared equally by all in our society and among the nations of the world. Toward the conclusion of his talk, he put his thoughts in these words:

"People who have been denied basic rights for centuries have reached the explosion point where they are demanding those rights—now. And it is not possible to find logical, moral reasons to say them nay.

"Let us be very clear on this matter. If we condemn people to inequality in our society, we also condemn them to inequality in our economy. And we do our conscience a disservice if we dismiss their demands for social justice as a mere desire for social status. . . . If we cannot permit each man and woman to find the rightful place in a free society to which they are entitled by merit, we cannot preserve a free society itself. . . ."

The new President had once been a teacher. He said that if he had had a son, he would have wanted him to be a teacher, a preacher, or a politician. It was therefore no surprise when, in his first address to Congress, he spoke of education as major unfinished business. Regarding the many measures facing the Congress, he said:

". . . This is no time for delay. It is a time for action, strong, forward-looking action on the pending education bills to help bring the light of learning to every home and hamlet in America. . . ."

These were the words of the teacher and politician become President of the United States. We have every reason to know that the unfinished work in education will go on—into this Century of the Educated Man.

—Francis Keppel.

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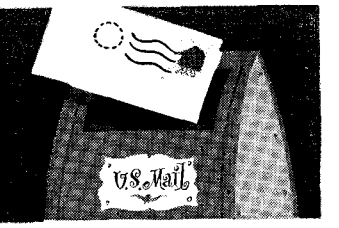
Letters to the Editor



An Appetite for Oats

Professor Goodlad [SR, Nov. 16] is right. We have not found a way to measure the relative efficiency of new teaching methods against the traditional. For example, the old experienced teacher is indeed rare who can generate a dynamic enthusiasm for material the fifth, fifteenth, or fiftieth time he presents it. Yet he may recharge his batteries by attending a math or science institute where he discovers a fresh and imaginative approach to his subject.

In addition, if we are concerned about efficiency in learning, can we justify the time it takes for a bright high school youngster who is not especially creative to try to "discover" a principle in chemistry or math? With heavy academic loads requiring as much as six hours of home study each night, these students are spending far too many frustrating evenings at this new "guessing game" when they might have achieved equally competent understanding in a few minutes under the traditional methods.

The explosive growth of knowledge precludes the possibility that our schools can turn out finished products. Our current models must have innovations. Nobody wants to go back to the horse and buggy days. But let's remember that what kept ol' Dobbin trotting was a hearty appetite for oats!

Margaret W. Cleghorn.
Dunedin, Fla.

Uttermost?

Frank Brown's high school is the most;
From coast to coast it's uttermost.
A library larger than a gym?
This fills my cup right to the brim!
I'll raise my cup to start the toasts
When I know how many *books* he boasts.

Joe M. Tockman.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Editor's note: *The above refers to a "Report Card" item about the Melbourne (Florida) High School in our issue of November 16. Following is Mr. Brown's reply:*

Not enough, I must confess.
But it's 12,000, more or less.

"The Great Controversy"

In his review of Paul Blanshard's *Religion and the Schools: The Great Controversy* [*SR*, Nov. 16], R. L. Hunt paraphrases without comment Blanshard's notion that the "official world policy" of the Catholic Church is that public schools should continue Bible reading and parochial schools should receive tax support. Whatever the "world policy" might be, it hardly includes the American Bible-reading controversy. As for tax support, there seems to be a rather large number of American bishops and laymen who have never heard of this "world policy" and oppose or are cold toward tax support.

I have never heard the "world policy" from a pulpit.

The Catholic Church does contend that religious training should be part of education. This is the logical conclusion from a premise that man is placed in the world to save his soul. But it is a long jump from this teaching to a world policy on what the U.S. Supreme Court and Congress should do in two very specific cases and a statement of Blanshard's nightmares without refutation will not help sincere discussion of the real issues in "the great controversy."

T. E. Blackburn.
Shorewood, Wisc.

Teachers in Private Schools

I read with special interest your review of Porter Sargent's *Handbook [SR,* Oct. 19]. One factor invariably omitted in discussions of tuition costs could well be the subject of research: the extent to which teachers in private schools subsidize the students.

It comes as a shock to many people to realize that independent school teachers usually receive, including all benefits such as board and room, half or less than half the pay of public school teachers. It is an inescapable truth of budgeting that only the most highly endowed private schools can afford to pay salaries competitive with the better public schools. They would be pricing themselves out of the running. So, for the privilege of teaching independently, these teachers take a pay loss per year of two to five thousand dollars.

The ideal teacher for a private school is, of course, an educated, cultured *aficionado* of teaching, from a good family, and with a private income. Next in order of preference is the single young man from Oxbridge or the Ivy League. Then comes the childless couple who both work.

Mr. Bounderby may challenge my figures. He has. But I have lived with them for eighteen years. Your $30,000 family may not have great wealth, but it looks big to teachers' families who have to live on short commons. The contemporary Bounderbys may spend $10,000 a year on a thing-filled life for one child, yet protest that a master teacher, married, with two children is lucky to have a salary below the $5,000 you cite as a national average.

One result of this, as public school salaries and fringe benefits mount, is great difficulty in recruiting competent teachers. Some private schools are so poorly staffed that only a dedication to apartheid or a desire by parents to dump undesirables keeps them ticking. Their shadow often ob-

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scures for the public the great advantages which independent education at its dedicated best can offer to an eager intelligence.

For teachers who want to be freed to teach, the key word leading them to overlook many sacrifices, the fools' fire, is that word: independent. Such teachers are underwriting their students as surely as those students' own parents are, and at proportionately greater financial cost to themselves.

MRS. MARY HARRIS.

Geneva, Switzerland

On the Militancy of Teachers

MR. SCANLON IS TO BE congratulated on his fine article [*SR*, Oct. 19] and on his perception in seeing the primary stimulus behind teachers' increasing willingness "to fight for their rights": namely, their desire for "a voice in school affairs."

Salary is a bread-and-butter issue, central to the elimination of teacher shortages and the improvement of teacher morale and status (and, thereby, to an improvement in the educational process). That salaries must rise, greatly, seems self-evident.

However, that "man does not live by bread alone" is more than a truism. Superintendent Gross said that "there are genuine aspirations for professional contributions to the school system—the kind of contributions the teachers make . . . to any school system that wants to get somewhere, and I welcome this"; contributions the teachers *could* make, he should have said, for usually their contributions are either not solicited or are confined to minor refinement of policies or handling of actions decided upon solely by top supervisors and board members.

There is an inner status also, known as self-respect, and no self-respecting teacher who is dedicated to the improvement of education is willing to be only a finger on the administrative arm, bent or straightened out by the mind of the board.

PAUL WISTROM, President,
Rockland County Federation of
Teachers, Local 1476,
American Federation of Teachers.

Pearl River, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE ON the New York and Utah school controversies seemed factually correct, but the reported concensus of Utah observers sounded like the consensus of Utah's newsmen, who were involved on a side of the controversy. I am a militant teacher in Utah—in fact I am the "phantom" militant teacher in Utah—and I have not been "motivated by a single desire—to show their power . . ." Believe it or not I have been motivated by my concern about the feeling that is developing among teachers of the futility of attempting to be a teacher.

It seems to me that another point emphasized in the article, and one that is emphasized in nearly every report about militant teacher action, and one that is mistakenly emphasized is . . . "the school board is a *public* body and the teachers are *public* employees, and the *public* interest should be paramount . . ."

This emphasis on public has placed educators in a position of total subservience to any and every group that identifies as a public. Educators cannot object effectively to any intolerable situation because if they do they are immediately reminded of their responsibility to the public.

Who identifies what educators' responsibility to the public is? Is the responsibility to open schools greater than the responsibility to attempt to obtain better education? Can both of these ideas be achieved with no action by teachers? Does a teacher's responsibility to the public go so far as to require that he take less money in order that more children can be educated? Just what is the paramount public interest?

In our state an organized "public"—The Utah Farm Bureau, Utah Taxpayers' Association, Utah Foundation and the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, combined with our newspapers, decide whether schools will get needed money from the State Legislature or from mill levy elections. They, too, are the "public" that decides what teachers' paramount interest to the "public" is. The "public" who has children on double sessions, in overcrowded classes, etc. has just as few rights and opportunity to object as do teachers. So if our newsmen read the *Saturday Review* I'm sure the article has been added to their "public" ammunition for use in keeping teachers in a humble and browbeaten state and in the classroom.

LOUISE P. HESS.

Salt Lake City, Utah

By the Numbers

MY WIFE IS TEACHING in an elementary school for the fifth year, and I have frequently been amused, though sometimes angered, by the petty directives that often come her way. Although her principal is a fine person and capable administrator, the district supervisors feel it necessary to run the affairs of each school from the central office. The pettiness that I speak of reached a high point recently with the issue of two directives on November 15 and November 19 respectively. This is exactly as they appear:

MEMO

TO: Elementary Principals
FROM: (A Supervisor)
DATE: November 15, 1963
RE: Fourth Grade Spanish Lesson No. 38

The following prayer appears in Lesson No. 38 in the Spanish series for fourth grade:

> We give thanks, Oh Lord, for our fathers and mothers, for our brothers and sisters, for our families. We give thanks, Oh Lord, for our food and for our country. Amen.

In keeping with recent directives, the administration feels that students should not view this lesson. Therefore, will you please direct your teachers *not* to turn on the television the day this lesson is taught. Classroom 10 informs me it is scheduled for Monday, November 25, 1963.

MEMO

TO: Elementary Principals
FROM: (A Supervisor)
DATE: November 19, 1963
RE: Fourth Grade Spanish Lesson No. 38—A Change in Directive

You received a memorandum dated November 15, 1963, regarding the viewing of fourth grade Spanish lesson No. 38. This memorandum was discussed by the Board of Education at a meeting November 19, 1963. As a result, the directive of November 15, 1963, is being changed.

It was the opinion of the Board members and the Administration, after discussion, that it would be possible for teachers to approach this lesson, which consists of a study of a prayer in English and Spanish as it is intended, as a device for the teaching of the Spanish language and not as worship. Please call this to the attention of teachers involved.

Fourth grade classes, will, therefore, view the Spanish series, including lesson 38, without interruption. Sets should be turned on as usual Monday, November 25, 1963, when lesson 38 appears.

If these memoranda are typical of the thinking that goes on within the administrations of our nation's schools, God help us.

EMERY J. CUMMINS,
Head Advisor,
Michigan State University.

East Lansing, Mich.

What Makes Socrates Whirl?

JOHN SCANLON ["No Evil Can Happen to a Good Man . . .," *SR*, Nov. 16] gets an F in programed instruction for implying—nay, asserting—the existence of only the Skinnerians in learning theory: "One of the weaknesses of teaching-machine technique is that . . . all students start at the same place, study the same material and end up with exposure to the same amount and quality of information."

As any Crowderian could tell him, Mr. Scanlon is seriously in error: the literature abounds with the work of exponents of "the branching technique," a means whereby the material presented to the student is determined by his response to the stimulus that is the content of a frame. Moreover, in addition to some relatively-simple machines which use the branching techniques, the well-known CLASS project of the Systems Development Corporation makes direct use of a digital computer—in addition to other display equipment—as the teaching machine.

Socrates may be whirling in his grave—but not for the reason implied by Mr. Scanlon.

ROBERT M. GORDON.

Anaheim, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is true that the Crowderian approach offers students the opportunity to "branch," but that has nothing to do with the main point of the item.*

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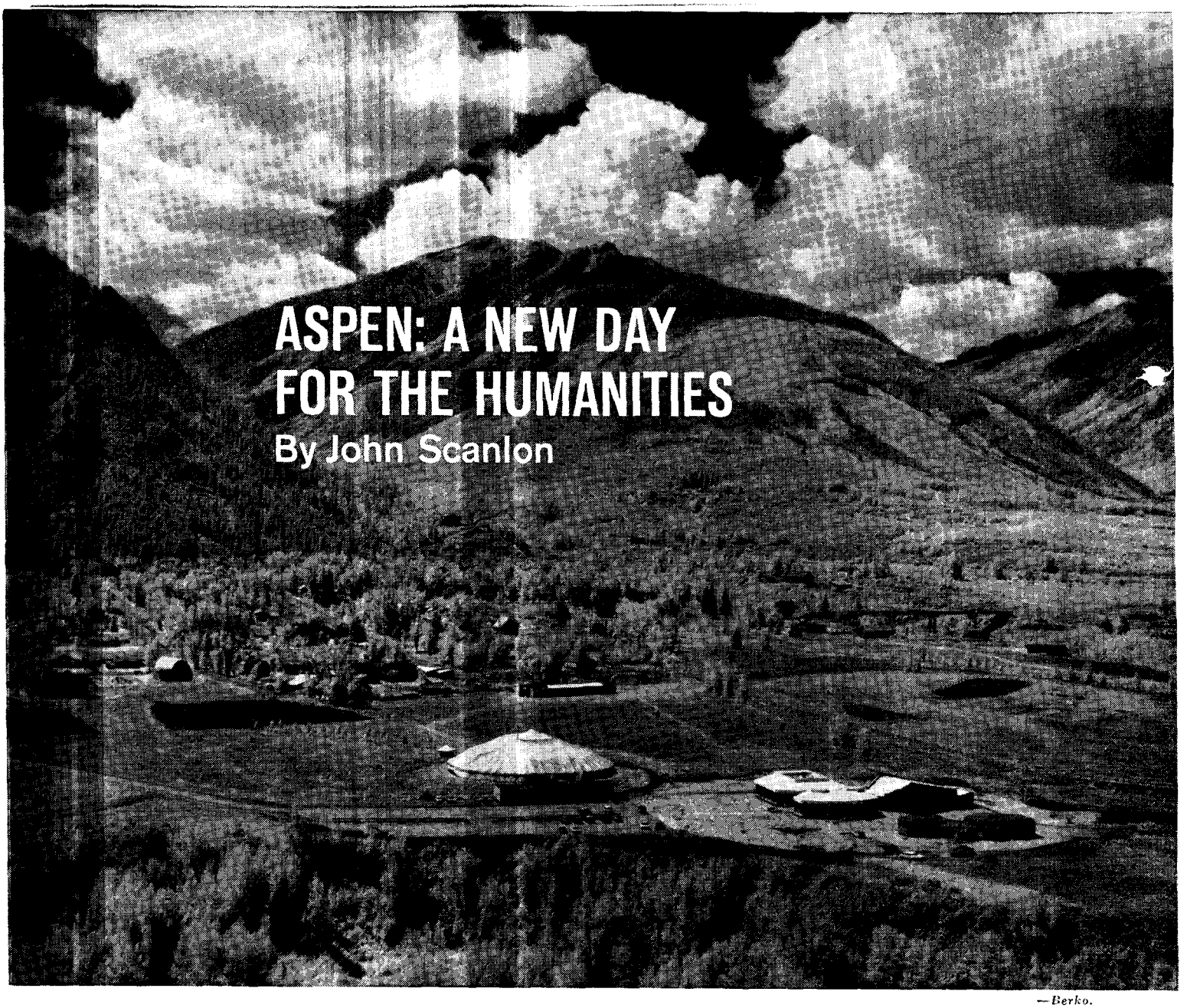

ASPEN: A NEW DAY FOR THE HUMANITIES

By John Scanlon

—Berko.

A HUNDRED miles west of Denver, in a lovely little valley tucked away among the loftiest peaks of the American Rockies, is a small town that may become the focus of a worldwide reawakening of humanism.

The town is Aspen, already famous as a winter resort, whose own reawakening from the long sleep of a forgotten mining camp was accomplished a decade ago by a Chicago businessman who dreamed of transforming it into an American Salzburg.

Out of the little mountain village last month came the news that the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies will offer an annual award much like the Nobel Prize to the individual anywhere in the world judged to have made the greatest contribution to advancement of the humanities. Traditionally, these embrace philosophy, literature, and the arts, but the Aspen Award will interpret them broadly as "those studies and activities concerned with the nature, interests, and ideal of man."

Simultaneously, Alvin C. Eurich, one of the most influential men in American education, was named president of the Aspen Institute.

To thoughtful people concerned over the humanities in a world increasingly dominated by science and its awesome achievements, the news from Aspen was a hopeful inspiration. The magnitude of the award, both in terms of the dollar amount, $30,000, and the prestige conferred on those who receive it, indicated that perhaps the long eclipse of the humanities is coming to an end. The fact that the award is of American origin may dispel the notion that the United States values most the things that can be counted or measured or weighed or clocked.

In a very real sense, the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies is a monument to the faith and vision and driving energy of the late Walter Paepcke, board chairman of the Container Corporation. Paepcke "discovered" Aspen on a vacation trip in the spring of 1945, when it was a forgotten mining village sleeping in quiet isolation for the past half-century. Not quite a "ghost town," it still had several hundred inhabitants, but had long since lost its economic and cultural vitality.

ITS heyday had come in the 1880s, when silver was discovered in the surrounding mountains. By 1892 its population had grown to about 12,000. Its annual silver ore production was about $10,000,000, and everyone in town was prosperous, including the sporting house girls. It had three banks, ten churches, three large schools, a $20,000 hospital, a $90,000 opera house, an impressive court house, a modern electrified hotel (with an elevator), six newspapers, many fine Victorian residences, and all

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the prospects of a brilliant future.

A year later, Congress repealed the Sherman Act, under which the Treasury had been buying silver to back federal currency, and the bottom fell out of the silver market. Aspen, like other Western mining towns, went into a decline. The silver mines closed down, eighteen hundred miners were thrown out of work, the banks failed, many Aspen millionaires went broke, and people started abandoning the town for gold camps. A few hundred remained, and desultory attempts were made to start up the mines again, but silver never recovered from the deathblow of 1893. Aspen went into a long sleep.

When Walter Paepcke arrived, he was immediately struck by the beauty of Aspen's setting and dreamed of its renascence. He saw the possibility not only of a new base for the town's economy but also of a great cultural center dedicated to a continuing examination of the nature and purpose of man.

Almost singlehanded, Walter Paepcke transformed Aspen. The same mountains that yielded Aspen's sustenance in the 1880s were developed into ski slopes, ranked among the best. The town was revitalized. Old Victorian landmarks were renovated, ski lodges and shops were built, and new people began making Aspen their home.

With Aspen launched as a winter resort, Paepcke turned to the most compelling facet of his dream—the development of the town as a cultural center. In 1948, a distinguished group of Americans had banded together to make plans for a convocation to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the German poet-philosopher-statesman. The Goethe Bicentennial committee, headed by Herbert Hoover as honorary chairman and Robert Maynard Hutchins as chairman, sought a suitable location for the celebration. Paepcke persuaded the committee that Aspen was the place because its environment stresses the major theme of Goethe's work—man and his relation to nature.

The Goethe Bicentennial, held in the summer of 1949, attracted world-wide attention and launched Aspen as a cultural center. To the little mountain village came a remarkable gathering of the world's scholars, artists, statesmen, and philosophers. Albert Schweitzer, greatest living disciple of Goethe, made his only visit to America to deliver the dedicatory address, personally persuaded to do so by Walter Paepcke. José Ortega y Gassett, the great Spanish philosopher and humanist, also gave a major address. Among others were Thornton Wilder, three-time Pulitzer Prize winner in drama; Stephen Spender, distinguished British poet; Ernst Simon, chairman of the department of education at Jerusalem's Hebrew University; Halvdan Koht, Norwegian historian and diplomat; and Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, author, poet, and Goethe scholar.

Since music stimulated much of Goethe's work, the Convocation also included a music festival at which the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dimitri Mitropolous, gave sixteen concerts of music associated with Goethe. Artur Rubinstein was one of the soloists.

Determined that the Goethe convocation spirit should not die, Walter Paepcke immediately began to plan Aspen's future as a cultural center. In the fall he assembled a group of outstanding scholars, businessmen, and civic leaders to form the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies dedicated to "the affirmation of man's dignity" and "the greatness of the human spirit."

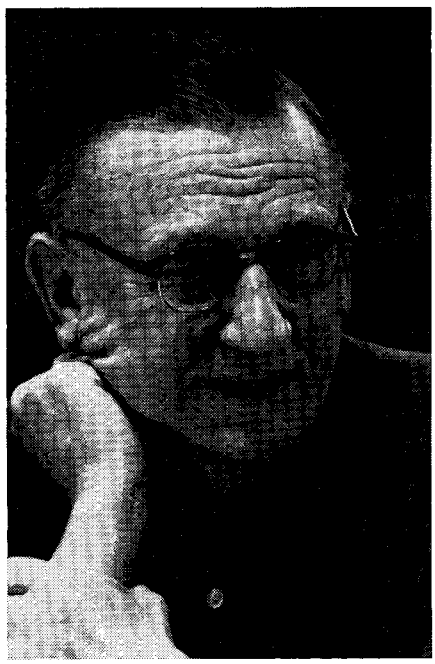
With this goal, the Aspen Institute began its formal program. First it held annual summer seminars for business leaders designed to bring them together with members of government, labor, literature, science, and the arts, to discuss fundamental problems of contemporary society and timeless problems of Western civilization. Mr. Paepcke summed up their purpose: "It is not the intent of the Aspen Executive Program to make a better treasurer out of a treasurer, or a better credit manager out of a credit manager, or to show an advertising vice president how he can be more effective, but basically to make broader human beings out of the leaders of American life."

These seminars have been the core of the Institute's program over the past twelve years. Background readings, an essential part of the Executive Program, cover a wide range—from Plato to Adam Smith, from Sophocles to de Tocqueville, from the Bible to Freud, from Machiavelli to the Federalist Papers.

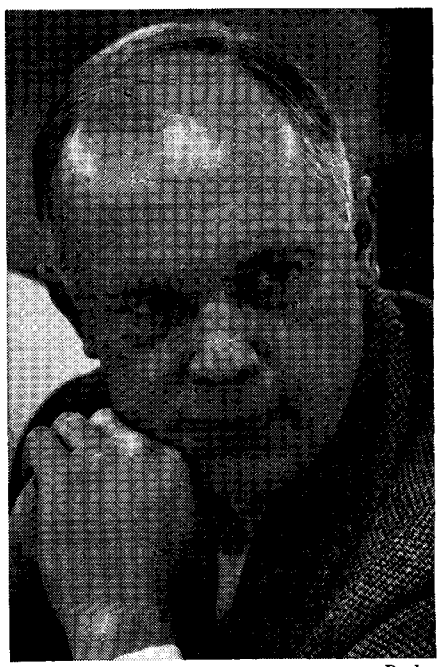
The Aspen Institute has also sponsored other activities, including:

- Public lectures, panels, and forums, featuring distinguished guests, on topics ranging from "The Promise of America" to "The Great Ideas of Western Man." (Nearly 2,000 business and professional leaders have become "alumni" of the Executive Program, and more than 30,000 people have attended the public lectures and forums.)
- The Aspen Film Classics, a year-round showing at the refurbished Wheeler Opera House of the best motion pictures, including foreign and domestic films since the earliest motion pictures of artistic quality.
- The Aspen Music Festival and Music School, begun under the auspices of the Institute and carried on in later years by the Music Associates of Aspen. Held annually at the Aspen amphitheater for two summer months, it features concerts by distinguished symphony orchestras, soloists, and chamber music groups. The visiting musicians teach in the music school. Next spring ground will be broken for a concert hall (to replace the tent) and new quarters for the music school.
- An annual international design conference. For several years before his death in 1960, Mr. Paepcke personally directed these one-week meetings,

(*Continued on page* 61)



Alvin C. Eurich—"We want Aspen to be distinctive in its purpose, people, and influence."



—*Berko.*

Robert O. Anderson—"It is our aim to encourage the development of the moral sense."

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—*Hella (Monkmeyer).*

"Children, not yet aware that it is dangerous to look too deeply at anything, look at everything, look at each other, and draw their own conclusions."

A TALK TO TEACHERS

About 200 New York City teachers are taking a special in-service course this year on "The Negro: His Role in the Culture and Life of the United States." The course meets at Public School 180 in Harlem. At the October 16 session the speaker was James Baldwin, who was born and brought up in Harlem and attended Harlem schools. His topic was "The Negro Child—His Self Image." Mr. Baldwin spoke extemporaneously, and without notes, but his remarks were recorded on tape. By special arrangement with Mr. Baldwin and the New York Board of Education, his talk to the teachers is presented herewith.

By JAMES BALDWIN

LET'S begin by saying that we are living through a very dangerous time. Everyone in this room is in one way or another aware of that. We are in a revolutionary situation, no matter how unpopular that word has become in this country. The society in which we live is desperately menaced, not by Khrushchev, but from within. So any citizen of this country who figures himself as responsible—and particularly those of you who deal with the minds and hearts of young people—must be prepared to "go for broke." Or to put it another way, you must understand that in the attempt to correct so many generations of bad faith and cruelty, when it is operating not only in the classroom but in society, you will meet the most fantastic, the most brutal, and the most determined resistance. There is no point in pretending that this won't happen.

Now, since I am talking to schoolteachers and I am not a teacher myself, and in some ways am fairly easily intimidated, I beg you to let me leave that and go back to what I think to be the entire purpose of education in the first place. It would seem to me that when a child is born, if I'm the child's parent, it is my obligation and my high duty to civilize that child. Man is a social animal. He cannot exist without a society. A society, in turn, depends on certain things which everyone within that society takes for granted. Now, the crucial paradox which confronts us here is that the whole process of education occurs within a social framework and is designed to perpetuate the aims of society. Thus, for example, the boys and girls who were born during the era of the Third Reich, when educated to the purposes of the Third Reich, became barbarians. The paradox of education is precisely this—that as one begins to become conscious one begins to examine the society in which he is being educated. The purpose of education, finally, is to create in a person the ability to look at the world for himself, to make his own decisions, to say to himself this is black or this is white, to decide for himself whether there is a God in heaven or not. To ask questions of the universe, and then learn to live with those questions, is the way he achieves his own identity. But no society is really anxious to have that kind of person around. What societies really, ideally, want is a citizenry which will simply obey the rules of society. If a society succeeds in this, that society is about to perish. The obligation of anyone who thinks of himself as responsible is to examine society and try to change it and to fight it—at no matter what risk. This is the only hope society has. This is the only way societies change.

Now, if what I have tried to sketch has any validity, it becomes thoroughly clear, at least to me, that any Negro who is born in this country and undergoes the American educational system runs the risk of becoming schizophrenic. On the one hand he is born in the shadow of the stars and stripes and he is assured it represents a nation which has never lost a war. He pledges allegiance to that flag which guarantees "liberty and justice for all." He is part of a country in which anyone can become President, and so forth. But on the other hand he is also assured by his country and his countrymen that he has never contributed anything to civilization—that his past is nothing more than a record of humiliations gladly endured. He is assured by the republic that he, his father, his mother, and his ancestors were happy, shiftless, watermelon-eating darkies who loved Mr. Charlie and Miss Ann, that the value he has as a black man is proven by one thing only—his devotion to white people. If you think I am exaggerating, examine the myths which proliferate in this country about Negroes.

Now all this enters the child's consciousness much sooner than we as adults would like to think it does. As adults, we are easily fooled because we are so anxious to be fooled. But children are very different. Children, not yet aware that it is dangerous to look too deeply at anything, look at everything, look at each other, and draw their own conclusions. They don't have the vocabulary to express what they see, and we, their elders, know how to intimidate them very easily and very soon. But a black child, looking at the world around him, though he cannot know quite what

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to make of it, is aware that there is a reason why his mother works so hard, why his father is always on edge. He is aware that there is some reason why, if he sits down in the front of the bus, his father or mother slaps him and drags him to the back of the bus. He is aware that there is some terrible weight on his parents' shoulders which menaces him. And it isn't long—in fact it begins when he is in school—before he discovers the shape of his oppression.

Let us say that the child is seven years old and I am his father, and I decide to take him to the zoo, or to Madison Square Garden, or to the U.N. Building, or to any of the tremendous monuments we find all over New York. We get into a bus and we go from where I live on 131st Street and Seventh Avenue downtown through the park and we get into New York City, which is not Harlem. Now, where the boy lives—even if it is a housing project—is in an undesirable neighborhood. If he lives in one of those housing projects of which everyone in New York is so proud, he has at the front door, if not closer, the pimps, the whores, the junkies—in a word, the danger of life in the ghetto. And the child knows this, though he doesn't know why.

I still remember my first sight of New York. It was really another city when I was born—where I was born. We looked down over the Park Avenue streetcar tracks. It was Park Avenue, but I didn't know what Park Avenue meant *downtown*. The Park Avenue I grew up on, which is still standing, is dark and dirty. No one would dream of opening a Tiffany's on that Park Avenue, and when you go downtown you discover that you are literally in the white world. It is rich—or at least it looks rich. It is clean—because they collect garbage downtown. There are doormen. People walk about as though they owned where they were—and indeed they do. And it's a great shock. It's very hard to relate yourself to this. You don't know what it means. You know—you know instinctively—that none of this is for you. You know this before you are told. And who is it for and who is paying for it? And *why isn't it for you?*

Later on when you become a grocery boy or messenger and you try to enter one of those buildings a man says, "Go to the back door." Still later, if you happen by some odd chance to have a friend in one of those buildings, the man says, "Where's your package?" Now this by no means is the core of the matter. What I'm trying to get at is that by this time the Negro child has had, effectively, almost all the doors of opportunity slammed in his face, and there are very few things he can do about it. He can more or less accept it with an absolutely inarticulate and dangerous rage inside—all the more dangerous because it is never expressed. It is precisely those silent people whom white people see every day of their lives—I mean your porter and your maid, who never say anything more than "Yes Sir" and "No Ma'am." They will tell you it's raining if that is what you want to hear, and they will tell you the sun is shining if *that* is what you want to hear. They really hate you—really hate you because in their eyes (and they're right) you stand between them and life. I want to come back to that in a moment. It is the most sinister of the facts, I think, which we now face.

THERE is something else the Negro child can do, too. Every street boy—and I was a street boy, so I know—looking at the society which has produced him, looking at the standards of that society which are not honored by anybody, looking at your churches and the government and the politicians, understands that this structure is operated for someone else's benefit—not for his. And there's no room in it for him. If he is really cunning, really ruthless, really strong—and many of us are—he becomes a kind of criminal. He becomes a kind of criminal because that's the only way he can live. Harlem and every ghetto in this city—every ghetto in this country—is full of people who live outside the law. They wouldn't dream of calling a policeman. They wouldn't, for a moment, listen to any of those professions of which we are so proud on the Fourth of July. They have turned away from this country forever and totally. They live by their wits and really long to see the day when the entire structure comes down.

The point of all this is that black men were brought here as a source of cheap labor. They were indispensable to the economy. In order to justify the fact that men were treated as though they were animals, the white republic had to brainwash itself into believing that they were, indeed, animals and *deserved* to be treated like animals. Therefore it is almost impossible for any Negro child to discover anything about his actual history. The reason is that this "animal," once he suspects his own worth, once he starts believing that he is a man, has begun to attack the entire power structure. This is why America has spent such a long time keeping the Negro in his place. What I am trying to suggest to you is that it was not an accident, it was not an act of God, it was not done by well-meaning people muddling into something which they didn't understand. It was a deliberate policy hammered into place in order to make money from black flesh. And now, in 1963, because we have never faced this fact, we are in intolerable trouble.

The Reconstruction, as I read the evidence, was a bargain between the North and South to this effect: "We've liberated them from the land—and delivered them to the bosses." When we left Mississippi to come North we did not come to freedom. We came to the bottom of the labor market, and we are still there. Even the Depression of the

—*Eric Maristany.*

"The Harlem child has at his front door all the things that make up life in a ghetto."

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1930s failed to make a dent in Negroes' relationship to white workers in the labor unions. Even today, so brainwashed is this republic that people seriously ask in what they suppose to be good faith, "What does the Negro want?" I've heard a great many asinine questions in my life, but that is perhaps the most asinine and perhaps the most insulting. But the point here is that people who ask that question, thinking that they ask it in good faith, are really the victims of this conspiracy to make Negroes believe they are less than human.

In order for me to live, I decided very early that some mistake had been made somewhere. I was not a "nigger" even though you called me one. But if I was a "nigger" in your eyes, there was something about *you*—there was something *you* needed. I had to realize when I was very young that I was none of those things I was told I was. I was not, for example, happy. I never touched a watermelon for all kinds of reasons. I had been invented by white people, and I knew enough about life by this time to understand that whatever you invent, whatever you project, is you! So where we are now is that a whole country of people believe I'm a "nigger," and I *don't*, and the battle's on! Because if I am not what I've been told I am, then it means that *you're* not what you thought *you* were *either!* And that is the crisis.

It is not really a "Negro revolution" that is upsetting this country. What is upsetting the country is a sense of its own identity. If, for example, one managed to change the curriculum in all the schools so that Negroes learned more about themselves and their real contributions to this culture, you would be liberating not only Negroes, you'd be liberating white people who know nothing about their own history. And the reason is that if you are compelled to lie about one aspect of anybody's history, you must lie about it all. If you have to lie about my real role here, if you have to pretend that I hoed all that cotton just because I loved you, then you have done something to yourself. You are mad.

Now let's go back a minute. I talked earlier about those silent people—the porter and the maid—who, as I said, don't look up at the sky if you ask them if it is raining, but look into your face. My ancestors and I were very well trained. We understood very early that this was not a Christian nation. It didn't matter what you said or how often you went to church. My father and my mother and my grandfather and my grandmother knew that Christians didn't act this way. It was as simple as that. And if that was so there was no point in dealing with white people in terms of their own moral professions, for they were not going to honor them. What one did was to turn away, smiling all the time, and tell white people what they wanted to hear. But people always accuse you of reckless talk when you say this.

All this means that there are in this country tremendous reservoirs of bitterness which have never been able to find an outlet, but may find an outlet soon. It means that well-meaning white liberals place themselves in great danger when they try to deal with Negroes as though they were missionaries. It means, in brief, that a great price is demanded to liberate all those silent people so that they can breathe for the first time and *tell* you what they think of you. And a price is demanded to liberate all those white children—some of them near forty—who have never grown up, and who never will grow up, because they have no sense of their identity.

WHAT passes for identity in America is a series of myths about one's heroic ancestors. It's astounding to me, for example, that so many people really appear to believe that the country was founded by a band of heroes who wanted to be free. That happens not to be true. What happened was that some people left Europe because they couldn't stay there any longer and had to go someplace else to make it. That's all. They were hungry, they were poor, they were convicts. Those who were making it in England, for example, did not get on the *Mayflower*. That's how the country was settled. Not by Gary Cooper. Yet we have a whole race of people, a whole republic, who believe the myths to the point where even today they select political representatives, as far as I can tell, by how closely they resemble Gary Cooper. Now this is dangerously infantile, and it shows in every level of national life. When I was living in Europe, for example, one of the worst revelations to me was the way Americans walked around Europe buying this and buying that and insulting everybody—not even out of malice, just because they didn't know any better. Well, that is the way they have always treated me. They weren't cruel, they just didn't know you were alive. They didn't know you had any feelings.

What I am trying to suggest here is that in the doing of all this for 100 years or more, it is the American white man who has long since lost his grip on reality. In some peculiar way, having created this myth about Negroes, and the myth about his own history, he created myths about the world so that, for example, he was astounded that some people could prefer Castro, astounded that there are people in the world who don't go into hiding when they hear the word "Communism," astounded that Communism is one of the realities of the twentieth century which we will not overcome by pretending that it does not exist. The political level in this country now, on the part of people who should know better, is abysmal.

—Feily, Monkmeyer.

"Every street boy, looking at the white society which has produced him, understands that this structure is operated for someone else's benefit—not his."

The Bible says somewhere that where there is no vision the people perish. I don't think anyone can doubt that in this country today we are menaced—intolerably menaced—by a lack of vision.

It is inconceivable that a sovereign people should continue, as we do so abjectly, to say, "I can't do anything about it. It's the government." The government is the creation of the people. It is responsible to the people. And the people are responsible for it. No American has the right to allow the present government to say, when Negro children are being bombed and hosed and shot and beaten all over the deep South, that there is nothing we can do about it. There must have been a day in this country's life when the bombing of four children in Sunday School would have created a public uproar and endangered the life of a Governor Wallace. It happened here and there was no public uproar.

I began by saying that one of the paradoxes of education was that precisely at the point when you begin to develop a conscience, you must find yourself at war with your society. It is your responsibility to change society if you think of yourself as an educated person. And on the basis of the evidence—the moral and political evidence—one is compelled to say that this is a backward society. Now if I were a teacher in this school, or any Negro school, and I

(*Continued on page 60*)

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BENNINGTON COLLEGE

CAULDRON OF CREATIVITY

By DAVID BOROFF

WITH appropriate irony, Bennington College, where the most popular course is Myth, Ritual, and Literature (reduced in local shorthand to Myth-Rit-Lit), is itself the victim of luxuriant myths. According to tenacious folklore, Bennington is a self-expression boudoir, a bucolic outpost of Greenwich Village where spoiled daughters of the rich perform modern dance exercises on the greensward, daub paint with anarchic glee, and experiment with sex in their quest of self-fulfillment.

Generally overlooked in this riot of fancy is that Bennington College is the setting for unremittingly hard work where more than two-thirds of the students major in social science and literature, not the arts. If the tuition is steep ($3,450 for all expenses, probably the highest of any four-year college in the country), one-third of all students receive some financial aid, and the trappings of upper-class living are singularly absent from Bennington's austere living quarters and playing fields.

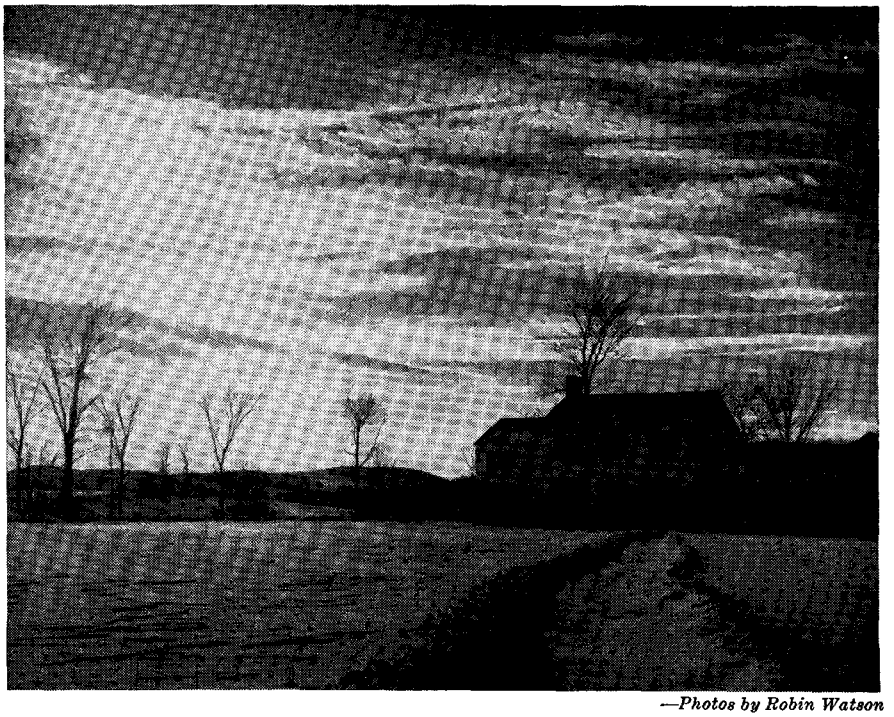
Located in southern Vermont on 350 verdant acres (as many acres as students), Bennington has been characterized as "a brave little school." Indeed it is. At a time when higher education is credentials-oriented and money-minded, Bennington remains scornful of size and disdainful of the Ph.D.

To be sure, the curricular distance between Bennington and other schools has been narrowed at a time when "progressive" values have been assimilated into the mainstream of higher education. Independent study, emphasis on individual needs, concern for the student's emotional development—these are everyday shibboleths. But when Bennington talks about learning by doing, it means it. For nine weeks, the girls are turned loose—during the non-resident term from mid-December to mid-March—to experience life, not merely talk about it. Bennington seeks for its faculty literary people who can create literature as well as discuss it, art teachers as skilled at the easel as at the lectern, music people who can compose, social scientists who can think. Individuality is not merely academic cant but something almost-too-tirelessly cultivated in classroom, reinforced in counseling sessions, and zealously annotated in the students' folders.

There are few formal requirements for graduation, and grades exist only as an administrative convenience shielded from student view. There are no prescribed courses, but that does not imply an academic free-for-all. Programs are constructed tenderly and searchingly in conference with students, counselors, and planning committees. (Not long ago, ten members of the administration were startled to discover that they had spent one hour—ten man hours—on one student's problems.) Instead of being mushily permissive—the popular view—Bennington demands of its communicants that they justify themselves intellectually. At the end of two years—and again at the end of the third year—students have to formulate a coherent plan of academic action. If the plan fails to win the approval of the appropriate division in which the student hopes to work, she is "counseled out" of the College, even though she may have done satisfactory work. (About 55% of the students who start Bennington actually achieve graduation.) Transfer students have their credits evaluated not when they arrive but a year later—after they have displayed their mettle. Bennington, in short, can be tough.

Elsewhere there are extra-curricular activities—planned frivolity under the aegis of universities—and student government, a kind of mimicry of the real thing. At Bennington, there are no extra-curricular activities, and the students *are* the government—one-third of it at least. (The other two constituencies are the faculty and the administration, and any one of them can summon the entire community to a meeting.) There are no house mothers; the girls police themselves, and the Student Judicial Committee can take stern action against transgressors (including dismissal), though Bennington's definition of transgression might affront the dean of a church-related school. Recently, Paul Goodman gave a talk at Williams College outlining his conception of a community of scholars. "But you're talking about my school," a Bennington junior expostulated. Then, characteristically, she demanded: "Why haven't you been there?"

What Bennington means most of all is intensity, a place of high seriousness in which the drama of ideas is enacted. "I have the feeling that Bennington is not a college but an event," a teacher there observed. "It's a group of highly-charged people coming together with all their talents and all their tics. There's a total availability of everybody to everybody." (Significantly, the College di-



—Photos by Robin Watson

"the setting for unremittingly hard work."

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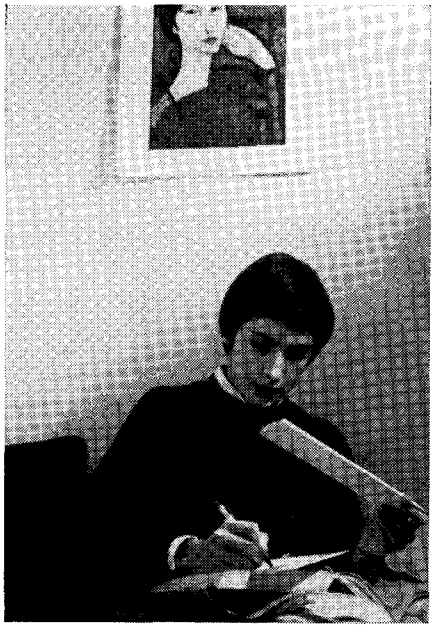


"Bennington looks for bright girls—yearners and seekers rather than class presidents."

rectory includes faculty and students in a single listing, though the faculty is accorded the modest recognition of upper case typography.)

"They're cannibals," a teacher said with a mixture of awe and indignation. "They'll devour you." And he described a nightmarish vision in which one day he would fall on the campus stricken with a heart attack. As he would lie there praying that someone might see his plight and rush him to a hospital, a student would hover over him and say sweetly but urgently: "Mr. ———, may I talk to you now?"

Students generally take four courses which meet once or twice a week. Classes are small; the faculty-student ratio is a luxurious 1:7.5. The courses themselves are usually theme-oriented. (*Evidence and Imagination in Western Philosophy, America at Midcentury, Poetry and the Imaginative Process*); one doesn't go to Bennington for a comprehensive coverage of a discipline. What one does learn is how to learn and how to mobilize one's intellectual and creative energies.

The girls are formidably verbal. In a short time, they become skilled at the parry and thrust of discussion. It is status-enhancing to oppose the instructor, using whatever resources are at hand but observing the rules of intellectual discourse. And the girls can be fierce. "If a teacher is both inept *and* weak, it's murder," an instructor remarked. "They will tear him apart."

The girls have a prodigious appetite for work. "One of the nice things here," Bernard Malamud observed, "is that you're able to assign a whole novel for the next class session and know they will read it." When I asked a blue-jeaned girl what she had read lately, she crisply ticked off six books, then asked guilefully, "Do you mean just today?"

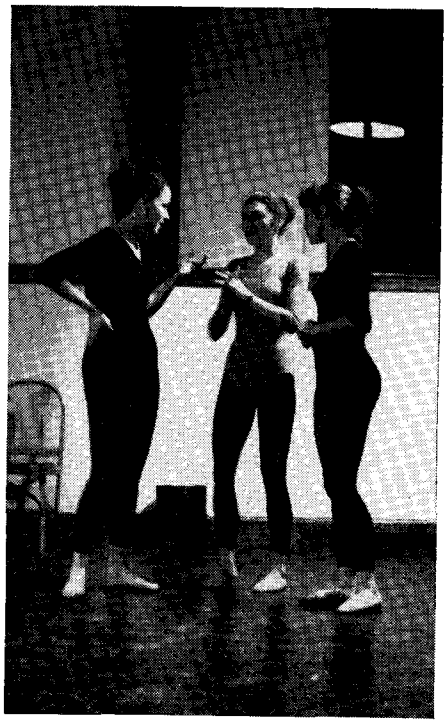
They are equally zealous about their papers, as much the pivot of their lives as a Saturday night date or a fraternity party is in less consecrated circles. Assigned a six page paper, they howl and turn in twelve. "A clean job is the last thing you'll get," an instructor remarked. "Insanity, enthusiasm—these you'll find, and enthusiasm is not regarded as contemptible here." But even by the standards of the stuffiest schools, the papers shape up well—except for an almost universal disability in spelling. And the instructors trade zeal for zeal, sometimes writing commentaries as long as their students' papers. And there are always those students who come shyly bearing the fruits of solitary hours of composition—a short story, a meditation, even a parody of *Il Penseroso* ("Hence loathed indolence/Begotten in the lotus-laden bogs").

Science at Bennington is a small triumph over huge obstacles. As one of the divisions (along with language and literature; social science; dance, drama, and music; visual arts), it attracts only a handful of majors. "We have to convert our majors," a science teacher pointed out. "The girl who starts out with an interest in science doesn't generally come here." Nor is a science or mathematics course required. The facilities, by university standards, are fairly primitive but adequate for the kind of exploratory process that the girls engage in. Nevertheless, Bennington has its modest success stories in science—girls who go on to graduate school or become physicians or lab technicians.

The arts, of course, are ebulliently alive at Bennington. Though there aren't as many majors in the arts as legend would have one believe, the girls are encouraged to artistic adventure. They paint and sculpt (about 150 take courses), dance (two-thirds try it), write, act, compose and play music. Nor does the past intimidate: a poster in commons announced a concert featuring music by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and *Nowak* (Nowak is a member of the music faculty). The emphasis is on a flow of creative energy. In the visual arts students work in art before they study art appreciation or art history. In dance there is more emphasis on composition than on technique (though some of the girls are technically superb). And there is a constant interplay between the academic and the artistic. Dancers, for example, derive inspiration from literary themes—Dante or Kafka or Chekhov—though they are warned against "overintellectualizing." To be sure, the double pull means that their papers are often late, and there are literature instructors who will petulantly ask, "What are those fine brains doing throwing their bodies around?"

This bubbling cauldron of creativity inevitably has its moments of excess. One girl reported that her music teacher called off a class because he was in the throes of "a creative depression," while another told her friends to go easy with Mr. ——— because "he is in a tormented pre-creative phase." An art show in the Carriage Barn turned out to be an unintended parody of avant-gardism. Painting after painting—consisting of dots variously arranged—was entitled *White and Gray on Black, Yellow and Orange on Black, Red and Black on Blue*. The student magazine *Silo* is extraordinarily well-written and has won national recognition, but it is just a trifle too solemn about its surrealistic fantasies (some in doubtful taste). And when it goes scholarly—as in an article about Superman, the comic strip character—it preens absurdly ("The myth of Superman is presented to us in its highest degree of alembification and refinement in a series of monthly periodicals [C Texts] which appear to be very similar to the Near Eastern ritual libretti"). As far as I could tell, this was offered seriously, which would suggest too heavy a dose of Myth-Rit-Lit. A Vassar alumna who inspected a copy of *Silo* glared balefully at its sophisticated format and sniffed: "They wouldn't stoop to a table of contents, would they?"

Student folders bulge with elaborate documentation—hundreds of pages. Never again will the girls be examined from so many angles, so sympathetically



"The arts are ebulliently alive."

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yet so relentlessly, with the nagging question always: Is she doing as well as she might? Is she fulfilling herself? Sometimes the folders have unexpected uses. A man whose daughter was "counseled out" of Bennington after two years descended in a huge wrath on the peaceful valley, prepared to take on the faculty singly or collectively. A cool head in the administration prevailed upon him to spend a few hours alone in a room going through his daughter's folder. He emerged from the room visibly chastened and meekly got into his car.

Part of this documentation is the account students give of their non-resident term, which helps break the tension built up during the fall. During the first two years, the girls may explore at will; during their last two years, the NRT must relate to their major. They try a wild melange of jobs—intern in Senator Javits's office, bird artist, lab assistant (feeding and watering 2,000 mice), Kelly Girl, nurse's aid, and ski-bum-hostess ("I arbitrated disputes between waitresses, directed busboys, carried cocktails, ignored drunks"). The choice job last winter was as assistant to an anthropologist in Mexico. But some music students—a chamber group—toured in an old hearse (handy for carrying instruments), while the best dancers hit the university circuit with a recital first performed at the 92nd Street Y in New York City.

What sort of girl comes to Bennington? She is, first of all, academically able (SAT scores of 636 verbal and 583 mathematical). The College looks for bright girls—not grinds—yearners and seekers rather than class presidents. The archetypal Bennington girl is the kind who has the lead in her high school play, then goes to Israel for the summer, lives on a kibbutz, and feels like a genuine Israeli (though she is not Jewish). One girl wrote in her application that since the age of fifteen she has "participated in a love affair with humanity"; another revealed that she "reads in the bathtub—anywhere."

Largely an Easterner's school, Bennington has few foreign students and no Negroes currently on campus. This distresses some of the girls. The majority of the students are white Anglo-Saxon Protestants with privileged backgrounds and a somewhat smaller group of Jewish girls. "It's the result of playing the admissions business absolutely straight," an administrator remarked.

The Bennington girl bristles at being stereotyped, but some truths are self-evident. Neither bridge player nor hockey player, she is an arresting blend of inwardness and vitality, good manners and forthrightness. A familiar sight is that of a lovely girl walking slowly, gracefully, and inviolably alone across the campus. ("It orders our spirit," a girl said about the magnificent Vermont countryside.) There is one television set on campus.

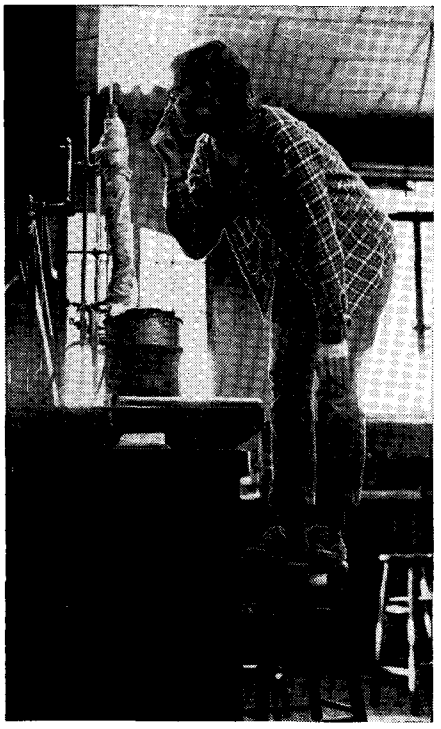
On the subject of social class, the girls are skittish. Jeffersonian to the marrow, they respect only intellectual aristocracy. I asked a group of girls which of them had gone to private schools. The girls hissed. "Confession time," one said. "Shall we tell him?" Thirty-eight percent of the current freshman class have a private school in their past. If they have coming out parties, they are secretive about them. At the present time, pets may be officially maintained on campus (authorized by a vote of the community), and scores of dogs—mostly large, shaggy, and slightly bohemian-looking—roam the campus. There isn't a single poodle among them.

On campus, the girls dress like young women in girls' schools everywhere—with classic dishevelment. They wear pants or levis—not Capris—sweaters, their hair long, their faces unsullied by makeup. They are all blessed damozels. In the spring, they go barefoot almost by decree, and there is one girl who goes unshod even during the winter ("It's *her* pneumonia," a friend remarked). One girl had a teased hairdo, but her solitary defiance was more than balanced by a girl who wore leotards under her dungarees—a little like wearing two uniforms at once.

The dominant ethos of Bennington is that of creative individualism. What is deviant elsewhere is socially accepted here. The nice part about this is that the girls don't have to waste their time rebelling; their dissident assumptions are likely to be those of the College. Perhaps the most off-beat girl I encountered—she wore a motorcycle jacket and is fond of repairing transmissions on cars—turned out to be an editor of *Silo*. The true rebels are the social girls who think Williams College is "the greatest"; it takes character to go to a fraternity party. A girl who taught Sunday School found that she was taunted. "They would make nasty remarks about Jesus," she said, "but I would out-nasty them."

They are spirited, spunky, tough when they have to be. At Harvard there was studied indifference to my presence as writer-visitor; at Smith, there was curiosity, polite and guarded. At Bennington, the girls asked bluntly: "What are you going to write about us?" Then they turned the tables and began to interview *me*.

Imaginative, full of antic wiles, they adore the idiosyncratic. A student—"a little fey child of nature"—has a room that might have come out of Truman Capote: a chair atop a pole elevated almost to the ceiling (how, I wondered, does she climb up?), and instead of a book-case, a tree-like form with grooves for books. (The welding shop is put to strange uses.) Another girl stole a tombstone from the town cemetery and on her wall were such graffiti as "Womb and tomb are allied conditions; salvation lies somewhere between." To release tension, the girls of one house ran around firing cap pistols, while another house built a "Gothic Hall," and the girls disported themselves as nuns, priests, and ladies. Then there is the jug band, already a legend on campus. "Mischief-making," a member of the administration observed placidly, "is not disapproved of if it is done with ingenuity and style."



"On campus, the girls dress like young women in girls' schools everywhere—with classic dishevelment."

There are issues on campus, and any girl is free to proclaim her views through "galleys," which the College generously mimeographs and distributes. The girls worry about civil rights, but they are not really activists in the Smith or Vassar style. They are caught up too intensely in the drama of their own salvation, and their isolation softens the din of the outside world. The bulletin board in commons is a gaudy potpourri of cries for help ("Desperate. Someone stole my laundry"), civil rights news, adjurations to studio models ("Hand in your time sheets. Wages have gone up"), and seductive cooings by enterprising merchandisers on campus ("Very exquisite, heavenly, chic Mexican goodies for sale").

Despite the legends of sexual derring-do at Bennington, many of the girls

(*Continued on page* 58)

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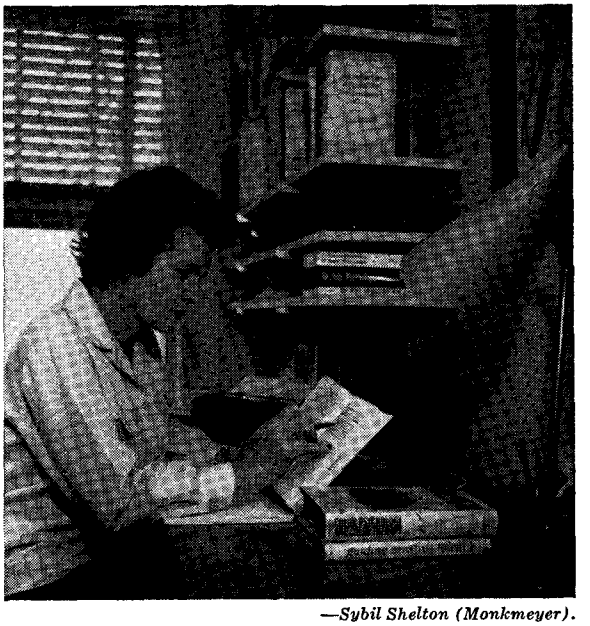
IT'S WHAT'S UP TOP THAT COUNTS

By GLORIA DAPPER, *free-lance writer and author of the forthcoming book "Public Relations in Education," to be published by the Macmillan Company in January.*

A NEW program designed to help adults get college degrees is based on a daring principle: what you know is more important than how or where you learned it.

This principle is the underlying factor in a variety of current programs that make up a new movement in adult education. The latest, and in many ways the most comprehensive, is New York State's College Proficiency Examination program.



—*Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).*

"The idea of college credit by examination represents an effort by higher education to catch up with reality."

The College Proficiency Examination program, financed initially by the Fund for the Advancement of Education and the State of New York, was launched this fall and already has enlisted the cooperation of 106 of New York's 198 colleges and universities in giving credit-by-examination to those who can prove their proficiency.

CPE is the latest of many moves across the country to acknowledge two essential factors:

1) Adults need a different approach to college education than that provided for the younger students, and

2) Experience is an educational factor in and of itself.

The various programs of which CPE is, in a way, the epitome have come about for many reasons. In a sense, they all represent an effort on the part of higher education to catch up with reality.

First of all, there were many instances of people with acknowledged proficiency who were unable to gain college credit because of the rigidity of the institutions or of state licensing bureaus. A classic case involved a German-born woman who studied French in her native Germany. When she wanted to teach foreign languages in New York's schools, she found she could teach French because she had the proper college credentials for it but she couldn't teach her native German because she had never studied it in college. She will be able to take the College Proficiency Examination in German, get credit for it, and apply the credit toward a teaching certificate from the college at which she hopes to get her degree.

Countless other adults have, for their own reasons, engaged in adult study for years, and many of them would like to be able to get credit toward a degree for what they have learned. Some of these have taken courses in the armed forces, in industry, in adult education courses, over television, and via programed or recorded lessons, or they have simply read widely and deeply in a field. So far, their efforts have been rewarded with certificates of various shapes, sizes, and worth, with diplomas suitable for framing but non-negotiable in the college-degree market. For many, the satisfactions that come from knowing more this year than they did last have not proved strong enough motives for continuing study.

What many of them really want is a college degree. Why?

Well, because they haven't got one, for one reason. It doesn't seem like much of a reason to anyone who has the passport, but the diploma is invested with a great deal of emotion and awe by those without one. And, if they know the subject, why shouldn't they get credit for it?

Others have to have the degree in order to get the job they are seeking, such as a teaching post or a promotion. More and more, employers are asking for college graduates for every conceivable job, including that of mail boy in many advertising agencies.

Then there are those whose college careers were interrupted by marriage or for other reasons, and who now have the time, inclination, motivation, and opportunity to complete a job half done. However, they are still not in a position to return to the campus full time.

There are also thousands, the CPE people believe, who have a baccalaureate degree but who need credit for one or more courses to complete state requirements for teacher certification or professional licensing. If this premise is accurate, then CPE may help immeasurably toward the solution of the continuing teacher shortage.

In a booklet directed to college faculty members, CPE states: "While the possibility of earning credit will be an important factor in motivating many adults to undertake and complete their studies, many are likely to be interested in the examinations primarily as a means of assuring themselves that they have achieved up to some recognized standard of academic competence. It is also anticipated that many who first find that they can do work acceptable to the colleges and earn credit for it, will then want to continue their studies in regular college courses."

THE way the proficiency exams will work is simple. A person decides for himself, after independent study, that he is ready to take one of the exams. He is helped in this decision through a booklet that describes the examinations. He applies to take the examination to CPE, State Education Department, Albany, New York, which notifies him where the test will be held. He pays a fee, $15, and gets a ticket for the examination. His grade is recorded at the State Education Department. He goes on in this fashion for as long as he wants. When he is ready to try for the degree, he enrolls in a college—one of the 106 that have thus far given their imprimatur to this program, and that includes almost all of the major New York institutions—and asks the State Department of Education to send his CPE grades on to the college. It is then up

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CPE EXAMINATIONS

College Proficiency Examinations will be provided in the subjects listed below. They are described in the booklet *College Proficiency Examination Program: Examination Descriptions*, available from the University of the State of New York, State Education Department, Albany, New York 12201.

Introductory Level College Subjects

- American History
- American Literature
- Biology
- Chemistry
- Economics
- English
- European History
- Mathematics A (Calculus, 2 semesters)
- Mathematics B (Calculus, 3 semesters)

Advanced College Subjects

- Educational Psychology
- Shakespeare
- Modern Foreign Language Proficiency Tests in
  - French
  - German
  - Italian
  - Russian
  - Spanish

to the college to grant him full or part credit toward his degree.

The colleges are reluctant to say exactly how much undergraduate work can be done away from their campuses. It is still up to the individual college to dictate the residency requirements, and colleges are unanimous in saying that the intangibles gained through classroom interchange and campus life are important ingredients for the college graduate. The hope is that at least half of the credits can be gained by examination, with the other half earned in residence on the campus.

Working on slightly different tangents than CPE are many other college degree programs for adults. The oldest experiment is fairly new—the Experimental Degree Program at Brooklyn College, started in 1953. It permits students to accelerate, to get credit for life experience, to engage in individual study, and to participate in interdisciplinary seminars more attuned to the adult.

Syracuse University has an Associate in Arts Program that provides a special degree in general education and is now developing a similar degree for the liberal arts adult student.

The University of Oklahoma launched its Bachelor of Liberal Studies in 1961. It is a combination of home-study and on-campus seminars, requiring a total of thirteen weeks' residence. The Oklahoma special degree program, like many of the others, concentrates on the humanities, the natural sciences, and the social sciences. It takes four years for most of the students to get their degrees. About 200 are now enrolled and they range from twenty-one to seventy years of age. Like most of the programs, this one received initial foundation support; Carnegie provided the seed money.

Queens College, in New York City, this fall started its Adult Continuing Education Program, patterned largely on Brooklyn's plan. Queens seeks high school graduates who have been out of school for at least ten years and other adults who withdrew from college for other than academic reasons.

Goddard College has a Bachelor of Arts Degree for Adults beginning this fall. This is aimed at adults who have completed one year of college, are at least twenty-six years old, and will agree to residential seminars on campus interspersed with tutorial study at home.

Johns Hopkins has a new Master in Liberal Arts program for adults who want general rather than specialized education.

San Francisco Theological Seminary has just started a Doctor of Scientific Theology program for a few highly qualified, ordained, and regularly employed parish ministers who wish to improve their professional competence.

And there are more such ideas in the hopper. The Institute for University Studies (76 Lincoln Avenue, Bergenfield, New Jersey), a private proprietary organization, hopes to make it possible for adults to take three years of their required work toward a degree through taped lectures and correspondence study. IUS has signed up some of the top college scholars to record lectures so that it will be quite possible to have Mark Van Doren teaching you over the phonograph while you're sipping something cool in the living room.

THE armed forces (and, more recently, the Peace Corps) are extremely interested in all of these moves and have been in on many of them from the start. In fact, last spring, a conference on special degree programs was held at Maxwell Air Force Base. There are two obvious reasons for Department of Defense interest. One is that many military men retire relatively young, with time enough left for another career, such as teaching, if they had the proper credentials. The second is the general mobility of the population (of which armed forces personnel are the most mobile of all). It is quite usual for a military man to be stationed in dozens of different cities, and even countries, during his career. Many men take courses during those years in a wide variety of institutions. CPE gives them an opportunity to gain credit for what they have learned in many different settings.

(*Continued on page* 60)

Conant on Credit by Examination

IT IS STRIKING that with the exception of honors programs, of provisions for independent work in some institutions, and of scattered instances of the use of examinations in place of course work, American colleges and universities of all types seem to be almost totally committed to the shibboleth of the "course" involving a certain amount of time in a certain room. One might expect widespread use of examinations both to determine whether a student is prepared for a beginning college course and as a basis for bypassing required courses when he has by independent study already achieved mastery of the subject. . . .

It is high time to challenge the assumption that education takes place only when the student is physically present in a classroom. *Opportunities for examining out should be offered much more widely than they are,* especially in the area of general education. The use of examinations in place of course work would create greater flexibility for the student in arranging his course of study, especially in the first two years, and would encourage the fruitful use of free time in the summer or during recess. It would also serve to encourage initiative, and free the student, to some degree, from the role of schoolboy. Finally, the option of meeting requirements by examination, rather than by course-taking, places the emphasis where it should be: on the subject itself rather than on the arbitrarily defined segment of it.

—James B. Conant in "The Education of American Teachers," McGraw-Hill, 1963.

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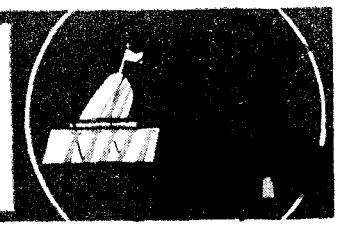
While School Keeps



The accreditation of teacher education programs has stimuated both calm discussion and heated controversy in recent months, but little agreement has resulted. Suggestions for reform have ranged from minor tinkering with the status quo to Dr. James B. Conant's forthright recommendation, in *The Education of American Teachers* (SR, Sept. 21), that the voluntary accrediting agencies be shorn of their judicial power and reduced to "advisory bodies." Last spring the National Commission on Accrediting, a regulatory body set up by the nation's colleges and universities to recommend accrediting agencies in specific academic and professional fields, warned the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE) that it should make fundamental changes in its structure and operation in the course of the next year.

Now the National Commission, as arbiter of all voluntary accrediting agencies in the nation, is taking another look at teacher education. Last month it announced that it is sponsoring a fifteen-month study, under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, that will "seek to determine the extent to which accrediting in teacher education is affecting higher education and whether sufficient allowance is being made for different approaches to the preparation of teachers."

Importance of the announcement stems from both objectives of the study. More of the nation's colleges and universities offer teacher education than any other professional program, and no other field of study is so closely related to so many facets of the total institution. Therefore, says William K. Selden, executive director of the National Commission, "this impartial study of the effectiveness of accreditation in the emotion-charged area of teacher education will help improve both the teaching profession and accreditation procedures in all other professions concerned with the nation's colleges." And the second objective is equally important since the National Commission has long resisted a trend toward making NCATE-approved programs the sole means of entrance to the teaching profession.

The new study, to be headed by Dr. John R. Mayor, director of education of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and an authority on mathematics teaching, is not likely to solve all the problems in the field, but it should shed new light on a troubled area that has usually been more notable for developing heat.

New York City schools, in cooperation with the Radio Corporation of America, initiated a year ago a science industry-education program that took top RCA scientists into junior and senior high schools to provide supplemental science instruction (*SR*, Nov. 17, 1962). Objectives of last year's program were to give added scope to science teaching in the schools, stimulate student interest in scientific careers, and to supplement textbook materials that become dated so rapidly. Hope was expressed that if the pilot project proved successful, other firms would join RCA in an expanded program.

Last year's hope was realized this fall when nine firms joined in a broadened program of lectures and demonstrations for 500 talented high school seniors and 200 junior high students in the Borough of Queens. Participating firms are: Bell Telephone, Consolidated Edison, Esso Research and Engineering, International Business Machines, Charles Pfizer and Co., Radio Corporation of America, Shell Chemical Co., U.S. Steel, and Union Carbide.

Year-round college calendars continue to attract interest and an increasing number of institutional converts. More than fifty colleges have already adopted twelve-month programs and many more expect to do so in the near future. To stimulate wider knowledge and understanding of the programs already in operation, the Southern Regional Education Board (130 Sixth Street, N.W., Atlanta 13, Georgia) has just published a new study, "The Year-Round Calendar in Operation," by W. Hugh Stickler and Milton W. Carothers. The authors analyze the case for year-round operation in a period of rising college enrollments, explore the status, trends, problems, and financial implications of present programs. Among their conclusions: the movement toward year-round operation will continue to grow; the most serious obstacle is student and faculty reluctance to attend college during the summer; major institutional economics will result from more efficient utilization of facilities and from long-term savings in capital outlay.

The University of Pittsburgh, an early advocate of the three-term trimester plan, has continued to collect data on other year-round programs and to conduct studies of the effect these programs have on college life. Periodic reports, issued by the university, may be obtained from Mrs. Hilda Jones, 3630 Cathedral of Learning, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania.

Vocational education is widely accepted as a vital part of the nation's education enterprise, but it is also widely criticized for its current inadequacies. In an effort to cut through the contemporary controversy and chart new directions for New York City's schools, the Public Education Association (20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.), a powerful and prestigious citizen's group, published last month the report of a year's study by its Committee on Education, Guidance and Work. Called "Reorganizing Secondary Education in New York City," the report envisions far-reaching changes in the city's schools. Among the recommendations made in the report were:

► Emphasize competence in the basic skills of reading, writing, oral communication, and arithmetic in the junior high school, and defer career decisions at least until student is in senior high school.

► Encourage students to defer training in specific vocational skills at least until the twelfth grade and preferably until after high school.

► Develop programs to provide a basis for future vocational training through study of broad vocational areas rather than specific narrow intensive training.

► Offer vocational exploratory programs for all students, including those who are college-bound, that would make students aware of employment forecasts, necessary preparation and training for specific fields, wage scales, union or unions involved, advancement possibilities "and other pertinent information pertaining to a wide variety of careers."

► Develop a single system of high schools with a basic but flexible curriculum to replace New York's present system of separate and distinct academic and vocational high schools.

It is unlikely that the PEA's recom-

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mendations will all be adopted by the city's schools system, but they should provide a sound basis for a thoroughgoing reassessment of one vital educational area.

Evaluating the schools has always been a contentious subject, and schoolmen have usually asserted that no judgment can do justice to the enormously complex factors involved. But now the New York State Education Department's Research Division has come up with a do-it-yourself "School Quality Workbook" to help school authorities evaluate the effectiveness with which their institutions are teaching the basic skills. Results of student achievement tests are compared with state norms that take into account the type of community, kind of student, and students' socio-economic background. Use of the workbook by local communities is optional, but it is expected to stimulate the development of new and refined techniques for measuring school effectiveness in meeting other educational objectives as well.

The escalating demands for education to provide the skills needed to satisfy the requirements of the contemporary job market are dramatized by an announcement that Columbia University is giving special training courses to students who need part-time employment. In order to qualify for the better-paying jobs available on campus, students must have specialized knowledge and skills. Therefore, the university sends students to school to train them to earn the money that will pay for their education.

The college dropout rate of 50 per cent may be considered a national disgrace or heartening assurance that American higher education is maintaining high standards, depending on one's point of view. But a new study by the University of Illinois Office of Institutional Research indicates that a far higher percentage of students receive degrees eventually—many just take longer than the traditional four years to do it.

Through persistent follow-up of 1,332 men who entered Illinois as freshmen in 1952, the university found that five out of every ten earned degrees in the usual four years. But seven out of ten had college degrees ten years later—and some of the others were still working toward them.

The University of Kansas, in 1956, conducted a survey of the high school preparation of 1,124 freshmen entering the university in September of that year. A similar survey of 1,384 entering freshmen in the fall of 1962 was completed recently and a comparative study of the two classes prepared by George B. Smith, vice chancellor and dean of the university, under the title, "Let's Look at the Record Again."

Comparison of the high school preparation of the last pre-Sputnik class to enter the university with the entering class six years later provides few surprises, but offers extensive documentation of the increasing emphasis on academic studies. Some examples: In 1956, just 7 per cent of freshmen had completed three or more years of foreign language, 2 per cent had completed four or more years; by 1962 the figures had jumped to 28 per cent and 12 per cent respectively; 20 per cent had completed four or more years of mathematics in 1956 while 32 per cent had done so in 1962; 11 per cent had completed four or more years of science in 1956 against 23 per cent in 1962. The study also analyzes the findings in great detail by size of high school, by different divisions of the university, and by individual subject fields.

Changes measured by the comparison of 1956 and 1962 data are, of course, purely quantitative. But Vice Chancellor Smith notes that: "It seems fair to assume qualitative as well as quantitative additions, for during this same period the entire trend in education at the high school and college and university levels has been toward the 'pursuit of excellence.'" Copies of the study are available from the School of Education, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas.

Junior Great Books, a new discussion program of the Great Books Foundation (5 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60603) is being launched this fall after two years of study, experimentation, and (fittingly) discussion. Patterned after the foundation's well-known Great Books Discussion Program and its companion program devoted to Great Issues in Education, the new project is designed for fifth- through ninth-graders, ages ten to fifteen.

Based on the conviction that young people as well as adults can benefit from reading, pondering, and discussing the seminal ideas that have shaped human history, the new program seeks to supplement the liberal education students receive in their regular class work, and to provide a basis for the individual's continuing self-education. Expectations are that more than 1,000 Junior Great Books groups will be formed this fall in communities across the country from Springfield, Massachusetts to Seattle.

Meetings are usually held in schools after classes or on Saturday. Groups are led by two discussion leaders—parents, teachers, or librarians—who have taken the Leader Training Course offered by the foundation. Meetings are held regularly every two or three weeks throughout the school year. Elementary school groups usually meet for an hour and a half; high school groups for two hours. Sessions are open to all interested students and fifteen in each group is considered the optimum number.

Five sets of readings have been prepared for Junior Great Books groups, each containing six paperback volumes with selections for twelve discussion sessions, each from a different author. The readings range widely from Aesop's *Fables*, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, and Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, in Set 1, to *The Odyssey*, Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, and Kant's *Education* in Set 5.

Young people today are seldom asked to question the basic ideas on which our society is founded or to think through the conceptions of man and the universe that have enrichened our heritage. Junior Great Books discussions may, at least, help to give youngsters some perspective on the shallow juvenilities of contemporary teen-age culture. But scanning the list of prescribed readings raises a question as to whether there may not be Great Books that have come from cultures outside the Western tradition. —JAMES CASS.

The Chums

By Theodore Roethke

SOME are in prison; some are dead;
And none has read my books,
And yet my thought turns back to them,
And I remember looks

Their sisters gave me, once or twice;
But when I slowed my feet,
They taught me not to be too nice
The way I tipped my hat.

And when I slipped upon the ice,
They saw that I fell more than twice.
I'm grateful for that.

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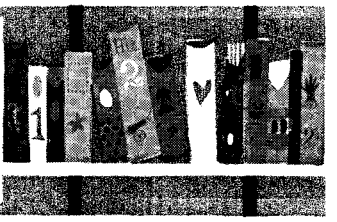
the Editor's Bookshelf



Swarthmore is often cited by college professors as an example of what every liberal arts college ought to be. Rigorous admission policies exclude all but the most talented, academic standards are among the highest in the nation, and Swarthmore graduates are eagerly sought by the most selective graduate and professional schools.

The story of how Swarthmore became the college it is is told in *The Revolt of the College Intellectual* (Human Relations Aids, 104 East 25th Street, New York. 172 pp. $5), by Everett Lee Hunt, who has been a member of the faculty since 1926 and is now Dean Emeritus. Until Frank Aydelotte became president in 1921, Swarthmore was just another college. Fraternities and sororities dominated student life, the football team won by such large scores that opponents made charges of professionalism, and students thought themselves overworked if asked to spend thirty hours a week in academic and intellectual pursuits.

Aydelotte, a former football coach as well as a Rhodes scholar, is described by Dean Hunt as a man "bent on action, intensely competitive, and not given to philosophical dialectic." He does not sound like the kind of president who would lead an intellectual revolution and an assault on mediocrity. Yet his influence was such that thirty-five years later Swarthmore was able to cite evidence that its graduates had a better chance of finding their names on the "National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel" and lists of "America's Young Scholars" than did those of any other college.

Dean Hunt takes proper pride in the reputation of his college but he also tells us another side of the story. Swarthmore has had its problems. The students attracted by its reputation not only are highly verbal, hard-working, and good grade-getters—they also are prone to arrogance, adolescent varieties of nonconformity, and rebellion against all authority. Though Swarthmore administrators have been both more competent and more tolerant than those of most colleges, the students spend so much time staging protests against the administration that one wonders how they manage to find time to study.

Fortunately, Swarthmore students are capable of criticizing each other. In response to a questionnaire one said: "I can only think of three things that I dislike, and these concern the attitudes of some of the students. Number one is the search for a controversial issue at all costs, be the problem ever so slight. Number two: Why must there be this lurking suspicion that the diabolical administration is plotting against the student body? The very presence of a rule turns them rabid with anger. Number three: I fear some of our much-lauded intellectuality is simulated. A real scholar among the students is the exception, not the rule."

More serious problems facing the colleges are reported in *The Blight on the Ivy* (Prentice-Hall. 313 pp. $4.95), by Richard and Katherine Gordon. The husband-and-wife team that wrote *The Split Level Trap* believes that "the happy college student" is a myth and that "something is bothering our youth today, something which has grown worse in recent years. . . . an enormous number of students are carrying emotional burdens which range from merely painful to agonizing." They ask, "Can it be that this development of emotional and psychosomatic disorders among adolescents is associated with the greater education-related competition? Are the upward climbers (an increasing number of whom are girls) more likely to succumb to emotional difficulties? Can the increased pressure to learn more and faster be the factor?"

These are questions that trouble many educators. In seeking an answer the Gordons rely heavily on the clinical experience of the senior author, who is consulting psychiatrist at both Wagner College and Fairleigh Dickinson University. Their book is a collection of case histories of maladjusted students, interpolated with psychiatric discourse on a wide variety of educational, social, and psychological problems. At the end the individuals presented in the case histories are brought together in a dramatic fashion that leaves the reader wondering where the case studies leave off and the fiction begins.

As further evidence that something is troubling our youth, the authors report that the suicide rate among teen-age girls has doubled within a decade, the number of students seeking psychiatric aid has jumped from 1 to 4 per cent within the same period, and there has been an increase of psychosomatic disorders among young people.

Such statistics are alarming but they require analysis before we accept them as evidence of defects in our colleges. The great majority of teen-agers are not college students and half of all college girls are not teen-agers. The suicide rate for adolescent girls is still only 2 per cent per 100,000; consequently the statistic tells us nothing about the emotional adjustment of the majority. The fact that more students now seek psychiatric aid may only reflect the fact that such aid is now more widely available, or it may be, as the authors themselves suggest, that going to the psychiatrist has become "the thing to do."

Dr. Gordon's case histories of neurosis, psychosis, sadism, attempted suicide, and crime illuminate some of the problems that bring students to the attention of a college psychiatrist. But they also make it clear that these problems have their origins in early childhood. The lives of these unhappy individuals were blighted long before they entered college; the college experience, at most, was but a final contributing factor. Though problems of teen-age maladjustments are not to be brushed aside lightly, it appears that the blight is not on the ivy but lies deep within our culture.

A broader view of the college scene is taken by Morris Freedman in a highly readable book, *Chaos in our Colleges*, (David McKay. 241 pp. $4.50). Again the title is misleading. The academic world described by Dr. Freedman is not really chaotic; on the contrary, it is status-ridden, tradition-directed, and resistant to change. But Freedman, who is professor of English at the University of New Mexico, offers an insider's critical examination of many of the problems facing higher education. Some of the comments appear below. —P.W.

Freedman on the College Scene

"The one never-ending struggle in academic life is for status. . . . As plants turn toward light, wherever it may be, so professors turn toward recognition."

". . . Many campuses have annual elections of 'best' or 'most popular' professors. . . . The same types are chosen year after year—boyish, enthusiastic, sentimental, gregarious, and unproductive."

". . . The very dubious status of Phi Beta Kappa key holders today testifies to the reservations with which grades are widely regarded."

"Publication is a sign that the scholar is ready to submit himself to the judgment of his colleagues."

—From "Chaos In Our Colleges."

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BOOK REVIEW

Will Lightning Follow the Thunder?

High School English Textbooks: A Critical Examination, *by James J. Lynch and Bertrand Evans (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 526 pp. $4.95), brings together a collection of data on school anthologies, grammar, and composition texts. The reviewer, a former English teacher, is on the editorial staff of Houghton Mifflin.*

By JOHN F. WARNER

"THUNDER is good, thunder is impressive," Mark Twain once wrote, "but it is lightning that does the work." This, the fourth book written under the aegis of the Council for Basic Education, gadfly of American public schools, offers a full measure of impressive thunder. How much lightning it will generate remains to be seen.

Lynch and Evans, English professors at the University of California, undertook this massive study of high school literature anthologies and grammar and composition books because they felt English "requires textbooks of a very high order, for in an overwhelming number of instances . . . the textbook literally is the course." That is hardly a startling revelation. But when placed beside the estimate of the National Council of Teachers of English that 50 per cent of all high school English teachers are not even remotely prepared to teach their subject, a thorough report on the textbooks is certainly warranted.

If the Lynch-Evans report has one quality to recommend it, that is its thoroughness. The authors' research, principally involving seventy-two separate anthologies and fifty-four grammar and composition texts (in addition to an equally impressive number of supplementary books, from "teen-age tales" to spelling and vocabulary booklets) is simply astonishing.

They have discovered, for example, that one-third of the anthologies do not even use the word *Literature* in their titles, preferring instead such misnomers as *Action!*, *Youth and the Future*, and *The World of Endless Horizons;* that while 43 per cent of the anthologies have radio and TV plays "for study," nearly half have no play by Shakespeare (and of the twenty-seven that do, only three present the complete text); that the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* are the chief sources for short stories; that overall there are represented 2,516 poems by 677 different poets; that there is an average of one page of "editorial apparatus" for every two pages of text; that of more than 35,000 study helps, less than 3.2 per cent specifically ask the student to write.

In the grammar and composition series Lynch and Evans reveal the maddening and wasteful repetition whereby the parts of speech are redefined through all four volumes of the series; where speaking and writing activities range from the senseless to the downright embarrassing ("Be a good sport; play fair" implores one twelfth-grade text in a chapter on "Getting Along with People" and then goes on to ask "Do you take a bath or shower at least every second day?"); where students write about the very same topics from year to year ("My First Date," "No Mother Is Like My Mother," "Our School Custodian," "Teachers as They Really Are") and are advised, in hints for writing, to "Look within yourself. . . . Call on your five senses. . . . Observe what goes on around you," and then, "When all else fails, use your imagination."

Ironically, it is sheer weight of evidence that very nearly destroys the book's effectiveness. Lynch and Evans, having assembled their vast quantity of information, are seemingly bent on impressing the reader by telling all (in typical CBE fashion). With no visible attempt to select material or to strive for an eloquent presentation, however, they either numb the reader with unrelenting thunder and raillery or they obfuscate with superfluity.

In speaking of the distribution of writing assignments within various composition series, for example, they declare "that of the fourteen series examined, seven give fewest writing assignments in the ninth-grade volume, and four make the fewest assignments in the tenth-grade volume. On the other hand, the highest totals are spread with remarkable evenness: three series give most writing assignments in the volume for grade nine, three in the volume for grade ten, two in the volume for grade eleven, five in the volume for grade twelve, and one gives equally high numbers to grades eleven and twelve. To the extent that the number of writing assignments is indictative, it appears that in the series as a whole somewhat less emphasis is given to composition in the ninth grade and somewhat more in the twelfth; a minority of series, however, reverse this general tendency. It would nevertheless be inaccurate to state that any one year of the four shows significantly greater emphasis."

What is most unfortunate in this "compilation" (one could hardly call it "writing") is that the telling points are buried under the oppressive weight of such deadly prose. But—make no mistake about it—Lynch and Evans are convincing.

They are so when they decry the lack of first-rate short stories by first-rate authors (though they may not realize how difficult—often impossible—it is to get permission to reprint even a second-rate story by, say, Hemingway or Faulkner or Fitzgerald or Steinbeck); when they bridle at incongruities, such as Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine" thrust into a unit called "The Social Swing"; when they note the almost complete neglect of the essay; when they see the study of literature constantly subsumed to that of the social or natural sciences.

They are convincing, too, when they recommend using a single handbook of grammar through all four years of high school; when they argue that speaking and writing activities should be transferred to the literature and anthology; and, quite possibly, when they suggest that anthologies "should be drastically reduced in size," leaving only "a central core of important readings that all members of a class would be expected to study and every teacher would actively teach."

In short, this book has the stuff to be most influential—if one has the perseverance to struggle through the turbid prose. Certainly those directly involved in the writing, publishing, and teaching of high school English textbooks will do so. On the other hand, it hardly seems fair to expect genuinely interested but harried laymen to search for lightning in all this thunder. It would seem that Lynch and Evans have done this latter group a real disservice. After all, the layman pays the bills; he ought to be informed of the worth of the product he purchases.

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Nonsense Makes Sense to a Child

***From Two to Five,** by Kornei Chukovsky, translated and edited by Miriam Morton (University of California Press. 168 pp. $4.50), explores the child's view of his world as shown through his language. Katharine Taylor, a well-known educator of young children, is the former director of the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

By KATHARINE TAYLOR

KORNEI CHUKOVSKY, a renowned citizen of the Soviet Union who is now in his eighties, has through his long life known and loved many children, and has written many stories and poems for them. He is a distinguished scholar, critic, and literary historian whose books for children are widely read throughout his country and have brought a stream of fresh air into the thought of those of its citizens who are concerned with children's education.

From Two To Five is a book about the language of young children and how it illuminates children's ways of dealing with their experiences and of looking at their world. The author has for many years kept notes of children's sayings and in response to his published invitation has received many more from hundreds of parents and teachers.

Chukovsky's keen observations and intuitive perceptions are akin to many of the conclusions Jean Piaget has reached through his scientific research. They are also akin to the thought of that gifted French teacher and scholar, Paul Hazard, whose *Books, Children, and Men* is a true companion to *From Two to Five.* These two great scholars write with insight and enjoyment, and with refreshing freedom from technical-scholastic verbiage. Both are champions of children's imagination and of their right to literature of quality rather than to what too many adults decide is "good" for children to read.

Chukovsky's book was first published in 1925. It has gone through sixteen large editions, and as Soviet conditions and attitudes have changed, the author has in recent editions inserted new observations. He notes that while the children of three generations whom he has known have been very similar in their enjoyment of fantasy, rhyme, and nonsense and in their own interpretations of casual relationships, their reactions to their environment have changed as the environment has changed, and their thoughts about human society reflect the current values of that society.

Technology is all around them now. A three-year-old, seeing a horse standing still in the street, remarked, "She probably doesn't have any electric current!" Another, looking at a picture of a horse plowing a field, asked incredulously, "Is a horse a tractor?" A small girl wanting attention from her overtalkative mother who was engaged in endless chatting with other adults, put her hand over her mother's mouth, exclaiming, "Mother, shut off your radio!" Some years ago children seeing gas masks likened them to elephants' trunks. A child of today, seeing an elephant at the zoo for the first time, said, "This is not an elephant—this is a gas mask."

SOVIET children are naturally saturated with the standards and values of Soviet society. Again, the elephant—a child sees one in the zoo. "And whose elephant is he?" "He belongs to the State." "That means," he commented with great satisfaction, "that he's a little bit of mine, too." Chukovsky's four-year-old daughter, when he told her of his being taken to church as a child, queried, "Daddy, is it possible that you were born so long ago—when there was still a God?" Another parent, explaining day and night, said to her small child, "When it is day here, it is night in America." His reply, "Serves them right, those capitalists!"

Chukovsky is a passionate defender of fantasy, folklore, and nonsense as inalienable rights of young children, and as major factors in their mental and emotional maturing. He thinks of these not as escape from reality but as a bridge to reality. "When a child has started to *play* with some newly acquired component of understanding . . . he has become full master of this item of understanding. . . . Nonsense would be dangerous for children only if it obscured from them the authentic and the real interrelations of ideas and things. But not only do [nonsense] topsy-turvies not obscure them, they strengthen, not weaken, the child's awareness of reality. . . . I do not know a single child who has for a single moment been led into confusion by nonsense verse." A three-year-old roared with laughter when he turned a familiar verse topsy-turvy and cried out, "The birds ring, the bells fly!" and a two-year-old, when she insisted that a dog meows. This latter incident led Chukovsky to compose a ballad of such incongruities.

The poems and tales by Chukovsky have brought him many indignant rebukes from serious-minded "comrades." One letter-writer says: "Shame on you, Comrade Chukovsky, for filling the heads of our children with all kinds of nonsense, such as that trees grow shoes. . . . Why do you distort realistic facts? Children need socially useful information and not fantastic stories about white bears who cry cock-a-doodle-do." Chukovsky comments, "As I read this letter I began to feel not only depressed but stifled." For nonsense, he believes, not only "meets the need of laughter" but also gives a kind of perspective to a child's thought. There are echoes here of incidents in our own country: those who tried to take the nonsense and magic out of Mother Goose ("and the cow *looked* at the moon") and those who maintained that young children can learn best through concentrating upon the tangible, observable environment and should be preserved from the confusion which comes from exposure to fairy tales and old-time epics.

The "comrade's" reaction to Chukovsky's writings of folklore and nonsense rhymes is an instance of a theme that goes way back in history, which both Chukovsky and Hazard consider in their books—the influence of various kinds of "Puritanism" on children's books, the denial to children of joy in reading. Hazard says that adults "entirely pleased with themselves, offered the child books that represented themselves, with all their attributes thrown in, their practical sense, their science, their hypocrisy. . . . Books that oozed boredom, that were likely to make him [the child] detest wisdom forever; silly books and empty books, pedantic books and heavy books; books that paralyzed the spontaneous forces of his soul." Chukovsky remarks that in "protecting these little ones from folksongs, tall tales, fairy tales, these people are hardly aware of the banal fetish they make of practicality." Similarly, the "misguided 'educators' of all lands in the course of centuries" who in books for children preached moralisms and behavior with no regard for a child's ways of arriving at spiritual understanding.

He speaks with much hope of recent trends in the USSR, in the understanding of children, in their education, and in the literature given them. I feel sure that he has been a major influence in

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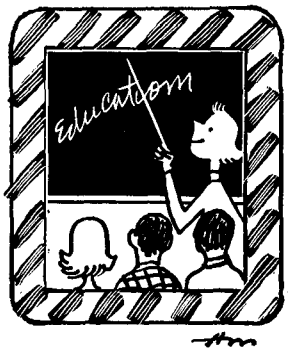
this trend. He has received letters from parents about their own children, letters that show their delight in their children, their appreciation of them as persons rather than merely as the raw material for Soviet citizenship, their desire not to suppress, but to understand their individuality. Another relatively recent book bears eloquent witness to this change, *The Diary of a Russian School Teacher*, by F. Vigdorova (*SR*, Nov. 19, 1960). Yet Chukovsky warns that "there are still many people today who are incapable of seeing the life of a child as a process, that is, as being in constant flux, change, and development." Such people are still under the illusion that a child is merely like a trunk, and that only what is put into it will be found there later. . . . And these people try to cram into this 'trunk' as many good things as possible, and are very surprised when they later find in it not all the things they stored there . . . The regressive dogmas are still alive. . . . The goal of the storyteller and the poet is quite different. It consists of fostering in the child, at whatever cost, compassion and humaneness . . . to feel joy about another being's happiness, to experience another's fate as one's own." In the last chapter, "Commandments for Children's Poets," he offers many helpful suggestions for writers, but through them all runs the thread of his chief concern: to learn from children themselves, to "come closer to the mind of small children so as to be most effective in communication with them."

The translator, Miriam Morton, has done a superb job with a very difficult text. She wisely decided that the important thing was to convey accurately the thought of the author for the English reader. This involved, as she explains, departure from literalism in translation and also a considerable amount of editing. Having concluded that she must proceed with this leeway, she has given us a book which is a delight to read, which is a stimulus to one's thinking, and which convinces at least this reader —who knows nothing of the Russian language—that it rings true to the intent of the author.



A Critical Look at Testing

They Shall Not Pass, *by Hillel Black (Morrow. 342 pp. $4.95), deplores the misuse of testing in schools and colleges. The reviewer is vice-president of the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey.*

By HENRY S. DYER

SPECIALISTS in educational measurement have for decades been preaching the doctrine that, while standardized tests can provide useful clues about a pupil's potentialities, they are never to be taken at face value. Tests are always fallible and should be interpreted only in light of other relevant information. This is the gospel of testing. Most testers worry whether the message has been getting across to teachers, guidance counselors, and others who use standardized tests.

According to Hillel Black, the testers have good reason for worry. By gathering together quotations from many of the testers themselves, and sprinkling the mixture with some well-chosen statistics, he comes up with a book purporting to show that tests are being misused and misinterpreted all over the educational landscape. He does not advocate a ban on testing. He admits that in some circumstances tests can and do make helpful contributions to the appraisal of the young. But his big emphasis is on the evils of testing, and he thinks the time has come to create a disinterested national body to police the situation.

Mr. Black sees much of the trouble growing out of what he calls "admissions mania," that is, the frenetic competition among children of status-seeking parents to get into a limited number of prestige colleges. He gives some hair-raising examples of how far youngsters will go in the scramble to get high grades in school and high scores on college entrance tests. The scramble, he says, is "perverting the education of thousands of youngsters throughout the country"—especially the bright ones in the best schools.

The grounds for believing in this academic neurosis are not altogether firm. How much of the admissions mania is synthesized out of the lively prose of journalists like Hillel Black? And how much of it actually resides in the psyche of the college-bound population? Nobody really knows. Furthermore, it is not inconceivable that on balance the "drive for high school grades and high test scores"—to the extent that it exists—may be less a deterrent than a stimulus to sound learning, anecdotes to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Black takes a look at the college admission scene both here and abroad. He concedes that by contrast with what happens in other countries, where tests are the major criteria, "college admission in the United States is more palatable and fair . . . much easier for the vast bulk of candidates."

Having made this concession, he trains his big guns on the minority of highly selective colleges and shows how tough it is to crash their gates. He explores the relative emphasis they place on test scores, high school grades, type of school, interviews, geography, racial or national origin, and financial circumstance. The resulting picture is one of confusion. It shows that no matter how high the test scores and the school record, anything can happen and usually does. Students and their parents might wonder whether their yearning for the Ivies and their ilk is worth all the corrosive uncertainty that goes with it.

Mr. Black is at his best in showing the role test scores play in the admission decisions of most prestige colleges. It is a useful but relatively minor role. Accordingly, if sometimes a score is a bit out of line with the rest of the candidate's record, chances are the small amount of noise the discrepancy generates in the whole complicated selection machinery will have no appreciable effect one way or another on how things turn out.

In his preoccupation with the highly selective liberal arts colleges, however, Mr. Black neglects a problem that may well have larger social consequences: How do those high school students who make up the majority of college-going youngsters find suitable places in the large, complex public universities where admission is often automatic and the flunk-out rate about 50 per cent? What role does testing play, or not play, in this situation? And how can it help the entering freshman find the academic spot that is right for him so that he can raise his chances of getting through to a degree? There have been interesting, though spotty, efforts to cope with this problem. Mr. Black omits any mention

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of them or how they are paying off.

Turning from the college admission situation, Mr. Black points his probe at precollege education and turns up some chilling stories about how tests can be misused by teachers, guidance counselors, and school psychologists. These bitter vignettes should serve a useful purpose in warning the unwary against the blind use of test scores. But Mr. Black fails to provide anything more than anecdotal evidence of how much malpractice there actually is or how many children are really getting hurt. The argument is circumstantial. It rests on some findings that suggest, first, that there are nowhere near enough counselors and school psychologists to go around and, second, that such as there are are ignorant of how to interpret test data. The use of personality and interest tests by these inadequately trained practitioners is declared to be especially harmful. It is therefore recommended that all such tests be abolished forthwith.

This is strong stuff, possibly too strong, considering the kind of evidence on which it rests. It fails to take into account the massive effort over the past few years to train more counselors in techniques of testing and guidance. It also pays no attention to the extensive research with personality and interest tests which is demonstrating that, if used with caution, they *can* have limited usefulness in helping students to find out who they are and where they are going. Admittedly the limits are very narrow and admittedly there are probably too few practitioners who know how to keep within the limits. Mr. Black does well to sound an alarm in this domain. But from the strident tone of it, one wonders whether he is more interested in scaring the reader out of his wits than in promoting sound work leading to a better understanding of children.

Two other matters appear to disturb Mr. Black's peace of mind. One is the merchandising methods used by some test publishers to promote their products. The claiming of more for tests than they can deliver, the overloading of schools with more tests than they need, the pushing of outdated tests—all these tricks and others are described and, to some extent, documented. The case against crass commercialism is well made. But only up to a point. It is marred by a tendency to overstate the case and to disregard the serious efforts of many test makers to *prevent* the indiscriminate use of their tests. Occasionally, Mr. Black's line of attack has a tone that sounds remarkably like that of the hard-sell merchandising he deplores.

The second matter that bothers him is the middle-class bias in achievement and intelligence tests. This is a well-known phenomenon that no qualified testing specialist disputes. It means that *on the average* children who have suffered cultural deprivation score lower on tests than those who have normal advantages. At the same time, however, there are plenty of children from the wrong side of the tracks whose test scores surpass the average score of those who have been culturally favored. To the extent that this happens, the tests, in spite of their middle-class bias, call attention to disadvantaged youngsters who would otherwise be lost in the shuffle.

Mr. Black's argument that "standardized tests, to the extent our society misuses them, tend to freeze children in the slums . . ." is specious and dangerous. It is probably safe to say that the opposite is more nearly true: standardized tests, for all their faults and misuse, have done more than any other one thing to put on the pressure to *un*freeze a great many children from the slums. Of course the tests are not sufficient in themselves for this purpose, and cultural deprivation does indeed prevent too many children from showing up on tests as well as they otherwise might. But to discount the tests entirely in this situation would be to deprive thousands of children of their one opportunity to demonstrate that they have broken through the cultural barrier.

They Shall Not Pass is an interesting mixture of legitimate criticism, homely advice to parents, and propaganda. On the one hand, it gathers together some useful information about what tests can and cannot do and about the dangers of overinterpreting test results. On the other hand, its blurring of facts to make things look as bad as possible, its overreliance on anecdotal evidence, its use of scare headlines for chapter titles, (*e.g.*, "The Guillotine at the College Gate"), all add up to a performance more calculated to make the reader shudder than to help him get a balanced view of the field.

This is unfortunate. The book says much to the general reader that has needed saying. But as an objective analysis of what is right and wrong with standardized testing, *They Shall Not Pass* flunks.

New Books

Religion and Career: A Study of College Graduates. *By Andrew M. Greeley. Sheed and Ward.* 267 *pp.* $5. A study of the intellectual aspirations and career plans of Catholic college graduates.

The Colleges and the Public, 1787-1862. *Edited by Theodore Rawson Crane. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 194 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. Number 15 in a series entitled "Classics in Education."

Integrating the Urban School. *Edited by Gordon J. Klopf and Israel A. Laster. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 126 *pp. Paperback.* $1.95. Proceedings of the Conference on Integration in the New York City Public Schools.

Your Career if You're Not Going to College. *By Sarah Splaver. Julian Messner* (8 *West* 40*th Street, New York* 18, *New York*). 223 *pp.* $3.95. A career guide for high school graduates.

The Retarded Child Gets Ready for School. *By Margaret Hill. Public Affairs Committee* (22 *East* 38*th Street, New York, New York* 10016). *Paperback,* 25 *cents.* A detailed program of what the retarded child can be taught at home in preparation for attending school.

"Of Primary Importance." *By Maurice J. Thomas. Interstate Printers and Publishers* (*Danville, Illinois*). 53 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Facts and figures on education in this country.

Higher Education in a Maturing Democracy. *By Louis G. Geiger. University of Nebraska Press.* 92 *pp.* $3. Two essays by the chairman of the department of history, Colorado College.

Calendar of Meetings, 1963-1964. *National Catholic Educational Association* (1785 *Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 46 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Listing of dates, places, themes, and contact officers for the meetings of all major education associations, both national and regional.

High School Entrance Examinations. *By Edward C. Gruber. Arco Publishing Company* (480 *Lexington Avenue, New York* 17, *New York*). 186 *pp. Cloth,* $5. *Paperback,* $3. Preparation for the Secondary School Admission Test, the Science Schools Aptitude Test, and the Hunter College High School Entrance Test.

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Bennington

Continued from page 47

lead lives of almost monastic severity. To put it plainly, social life is a problem (another reason, by the way, for the non-resident term). There are no hangouts—like Rahar's at Smith—and running a dance or mixer is virtually unthinkable. To be sure, there are plenty of boys in the area. Williams, Dartmouth, and R.P.I. come spilling in eagerly, the myth of the nubile Bennington girls burning in their minds. Some girls play the social game—fraternity parties and weekends away. But others consider these rites of spring beneath their dignity. Moreover, between Bennington and Williams (their closest neighbor), there is a state of unhappy tension. "The Williams boys look at us as if we're queer specimens," a girl said. "They find us too intense. They want to say, 'Cool it.'" On the other side of the barricades, the girls say, "Plenty of boys—no men." And they resent the Williams *marauders*—the boys who come roaring on campus, go to a house, and shout from the stairwell, "Anyone want a date?"

Indeed, the girls hint at sophisticated depth. When I suggested that their articulateness was sexually neutralizing, one protested, "But that doesn't mean we're not passionate." And one girl—quite unabashedly—referred not to her *boy friend* but to her *lover*. Sex is taken for granted as part of their groping toward maturity, but the right not to be stampeded into it is also an aspect of their philosophy. Their sexual behavior, the girls firmly argue, is their own business. What Bennington girls are prone to disdain is the elaborate machinery of social life one finds in other schools, the hysteria about dates, the social careerism. Nor are they in a desperate hurry to get married. They want first to prove themselves, or as one girl grandiloquently put it, "I want to reach the ultimate within the context of my ability."

As at many schools these days, boys may visit the girls in their rooms (until 6:30 P.M. weekdays and 10 P.M. weekends). The girls have no curfew, but the boys who visit them do. (The young men must leave the campus at 1 A.M. on weeknights and 2 A.M. on Saturday nights.) Anybody—freshmen included—may sign out after 11 P.M. but must be on hand for a morning checkup. The logistics of sex, obviously, are not very challenging. "You can do what you like," a girl explained, "but when it encroaches upon the rights of others, that's another matter." And it is the roommate's right to privacy—far more than sexual censure—that dictates the limitations on visiting in the rooms. Recently, the campus was aroused by the proposal that there be no time restrictions placed on male visitors in the girls' rooms. This, to be sure, was turned down, but the idea was solemnly entertained by the Community on the grounds that "there's nothing that can't be discussed."

The administration has its nervous moments but is firm in its commitment. "There is no adult consensus about sex," an administrator remarked. "Nor can we tell what the effects of experimentation will be. But I think it's better to experiment than to align ourselves with the past."

A similar permissiveness extends to drinking. Girls may keep liquor in their rooms but are reminded that Vermont law forbids possession of liquor by anyone under twenty-one.

To find her way through all these dark woods, the Bennington girl may turn to her counselor, who is at once her intellectual mentor, judge, and fervent friend. He may guide her in her senior thesis, prescribe reading in a tutorial, discuss her love life, or castigate her for not using her talents properly. Counseling at Bennington is a mixture of Socratic dialogue, confessional, and mental hygiene placebo. There are those who argue that it should be rigorously "idea-centered," but others insist that the girls need someone in whom they can confide—"the father who won't betray them." Generally, the men make better counselors—at least more confidential ones. A bright young woman on the faculty said tartly: "I never get tears. Not one has been dropped in my office. They come to *me* to get their grammar cleaned up." Sometimes, however, the men on the faculty are such august figures that the girls hesitate to approach them with their problems. "Me go to Erich Fromm with my little problem?" a girl said some years ago.

For a small school, bereft of the fancy appurtenances of academia, Bennington has a spectacular faculty. It has always been thus. In fact, a stint there has been part of the maturation process of many of the country's leading intellectuals. W. H. Auden, Daniel Aaron, Kenneth Burke, Peter Drucker, Francis Fergusson, Wallace Fowlie, Erich Fromm, Nathan Glazer, Patrick Mullahy, Theodore Roethke, Allen Seager, Bradford Smith, and George Soule—all sojourned there. And the present roster, which includes Bernard Malamud, Howard Nemerov, Francis Golffing, and Stanley Edgar Hyman, has glitter aplenty. But big names alone do not enchant. Everyone on the faculty must make it as a teacher.

Why do they come? First, because

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

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teaching at Bennington is an exhilarating experience. "I never worked harder in my life," critic Saul Maloff said. "I realized that elsewhere I had been goofing off, teaching from memory. Here the level of tension is so high it becomes *your* level of tension." Bernard Malamud, the distinguished novelist, expressed admiration for the students "who are devoted to literature, moved by literature, whose lives are changed by literature." For psychologist Richard C. Blake, who came from the University of Michigan where the classes number in the hundreds, Bennington was "like *Alice in Wonderland*." It's the only school, another teacher said, where the students assiduously read what the faculty publishes. Faculty books are sold out as soon as they hit the bookstore. And girls will counter in class with, "But in *The New Republic* you said . . ."

The instructors come, also, because they can work at new frontiers and design new courses even in areas in which they do not have formal academic credentials. At Bennington there are no sacred fiefdoms of knowledge, no intellectual adventures that are interdicted. (It is only in science that the courses have conventional titles; in the other divisions they sound like the titles of articles in *Hudson Review*.) Though some of the teachers miss the presence of graduate students—the professor's intellectual legatees—they console themselves with the thought that they can try out their ideas on first-class minds. And even the formal researchers, like Henry S. Kariel in political science, can enlist some of their students in their own research enterprises.

Typically, the faculty people are critics, poets, and theoreticians rather than conventional scholars. (The scholar who likes to communicate only with his own academic first cousins will not be happy at Bennington.) The College likes to feel that it is still holding the line in its gallant resistance to the Ph.D. But the trend in the social sciences, at least, is "toward conventionally-trained people but not conventionally-oriented." Even social scientists are more likely to be idea-makers than fact collectors.

Life for the faculty is arduous but rewarding. They teach only two courses (four to six hours a week) but devote endless time to their eight counselees, whom they see once a week, and to College business. Salaries are reasonably good ($7,000 to $13,000 with a median of $9,500), sabbaticals are frequent, and though tenure is never formally granted (on the grounds that it can be intellectually debilitating) if an instructor has been around for a while, he can, in the words of one faculty member, "plant his asparagus, buy his house, and have his kids." The library is inadequate for conventional scholarship, but all a teacher has to do is mention a title over his shoulder, and the book immediately turns up in the library. Moreover, the faculty has keys for the front door of the library and can go there any time—even in the dead of night. Discussion is always lively—rarely specialized—and typically a social scientist will sit in the dining room and hammer out ideas with a painter and poet on a subject that intersects all of their interests. One teacher talked elegiacally about a former faculty member, a psychologist, who shifted to a large university and promptly gave up writing poetry.

Bennington is ingrown, admittedly, and institutional talk spins in smaller and smaller grooves, but the faculty is saved from the vices of the situation by a number of factors: the best people have lines of communication leading elsewhere and are always chasing into New York; there are no ranks, no titles —everyone is "Mr."—and even divisional chairmanships rotate; and there is always the non-resident term to defeat valley claustrophobia. Still it takes an effort to disentangle oneself from a dangerously intimate situation. One teacher puts in three heavy days a week on campus, then steers clear of it. "I never sit around," he said. "That's the way you get into trouble. And with my counselees, I try not to have favorites; I spread myself around." What saves the day, too, is a countervailing sense of privacy without which Bennington would be intolerable.

IN the iron ring of gossip that girdles academia, there is always talk of teachers at Bennington being emotionally involved with their students. Indeed, in an isolated campus, where the girls are passionately absorbed in the life of the mind, the student-teacher relationship can become erotically-charged. A Smith alumna pointed out that at Northampton the ideal on campus was "some horse-faced woman with a great mind," while at Bennington it is almost always a virile man.

A male instructor said peremptorily, "Sex is the fuel that powers the engine here. The men leave their sex in the classrooms; they go home depleted. And the ones who suffer are their wives." Indeed, the wives do get older, the students remain forever nineteen. But there are mitigating factors: "girl-hopping" is frowned upon, married men are expected not to stray, and a healing politesse hovers over the campus. However, an established relationship between teacher and student is regarded with a certain apprehensive tolerance. It is important to point out that such relationships are infrequent and when they do occur they often culminate in marriage.

They worry at Bennington that the pure vision will fade, that conservatism will set in, or that the school's able president, William C. Fels, is trying to make it "a nice place for nice girls." There is talk of its going co-ed (actually there is a handful of male students in the performing arts on campus), but the girls resist on the grounds that, given the prestige of Harvard and Yale, Bennington would attract only the second-best. Some students are struck by the irony that it is the older members of the faculty who are the unreconstructed radicals, while the young men often have "fields" and come in with Ph.D.s. There is the fear that as more girls aim towards graduate school (less than a third now do) Bennington will edge towards a more conventional program. "Nonsense," snapped an old-timer on the faculty. "The people we get with Ph.D.'s are still mavericks. The place is simply less progressive in the bad sense. It used to be the biggest nursery school in the world. It's better now, and the students are tougher."

The trouble with Bennington, someone said, is that "it is pure ether—hard to breathe." But if Bennington demands too much, most schools don't demand enough. There is so much that is bold and visionary at Bennington that it is easy to overlook some obvious facts. For one thing, Bennington is a good woman's college with intellectual and psychological ties to places like Vassar, Radcliffe, and Smith. A Vassar girl, for example, would feel far more at home at Bennington than she would, let us say, at the University of Indiana.

President Fels defined Bennington's essential and enduring role. A lone resister of the trend towards graduate school for women, Fels said: "One of the critical issues of our time is the development of a viable culture. This is a role that women must play. Our society is very Calvinistic. We feel we have to achieve. We've got the men in it; now we're trying to get the women. I don't see a beautiful future in turning all our women into scientists.

"You're dealing here with one of the most conservative institutions in the country. There are no teaching machines at Bennington, no educational television —just a group of scholars and some students, interested in ideas and in the arts, trying to understand life's complexities."

THE GIFTED:
Educational Resources
A Sargent Handbook
288 pp., cloth, $4.00
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Up Top

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There are some curious repercussions to all this activity, and they bode well for regular undergraduate programs. First of all, the colleges are facing up to defining their purposes and programs as never before. If knowledge and a certain amount of wisdom can come from such disparate sources as television and home study, then colleges want to find out more about motivation and examine their own extended courses. They want, in short, to find out what they are uniquely equipped to give to students.

Another change that appears to be in the wind is the move toward the tutorial system. It is working very well with the special degree programs, and faculty members are now wondering out loud if it wouldn't work well with their own undergraduates on campus. It might be an effective way to let students proceed at their own pace on crowded campuses.

AND a more basic change may be indicated by both the method and content of non-campus courses. Using television, recordings, programed material, and all the other latest electronic devices that can keep up with knowledge, the off-campus study is proving, in many instances, to be more up-to-date than the courses offered on campus. This will never do, and so colleges are making considered efforts to examine their own teaching materials and methods.

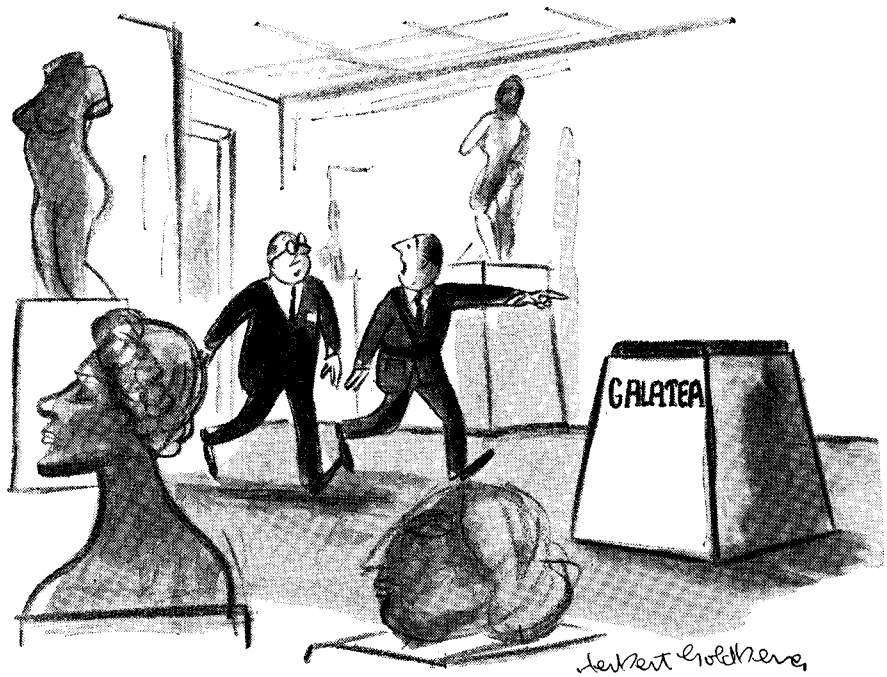
Another change in the offing is the change in the nature of the timing of education and of the character of the college-level student. Education is, as Margaret Mead and others have been saying for years, a vertical process that goes on through a lifetime. The need for continuing education is already recognized by most of the professions, which realize they must retrain every few years or they will be lost. But there is also a movement for the doctor in physics to want to study anthropology or Shakespeare. Such professionals with long records of achievement are going to change the complexion of college student bodies and, ultimately, will influence the direction of higher education itself.

THE College Proficiency Examination program materials went out to the public in October with a four-barreled question: Can they help you?

- ► to earn college credit
- ► to be a teacher
- ► to earn a promotion
- ► to evaluate yourself

Recent experience with the demands for adult education that have been made on our institutions of higher learning, and the variety of ways in which they have sought to provide effective programs, demonstrate how important these questions are to many Americans today.

And early reactions to announcement of the CPE program indicate that thousands more adults are going to bombard Albany with their own answer to the question—an overwhelming "yes."



Talk to Teachers

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was dealing with Negro children, who were in my care only a few hours of every day and would then return to their homes and to the streets, children who have an apprehension of their future which with every hour grows grimmer and darker, I would try to teach them—I would try to make them know—that those streets, those houses, those dangers, those agonies by which they are surrounded, are criminal. I would try to make each child know that these things are the results of a criminal conspiracy to destroy him. I would teach him that if he intends to get to be a man, he must at once decide that he is stronger than this conspiracy and that he must never make his peace with it. And that one of his weapons for refusing to make his peace with it and for destroying it depends on what he decides he is worth. I would teach him that there are currently very few standards in this country which are worth a man's respect. That it is up to him to begin to change these standards for the sake of the life and the health of the country. I would suggest to him that the popular culture—as represented, for example, on television and in comic books and in movies—is based on fantasies created by very ill people, and he must be aware that these are fantasies that have nothing to do with reality. I would teach him that the press he reads is not as free as it says it is—and that he can do something about that, too. I would try to make him know that just as American history is longer, larger, more various, more beautiful, and more terrible than anything anyone has ever said about it, so is the world larger, more daring, more beautiful and more terrible, but principally larger—and that it belongs to him. I would teach him that he doesn't have to be bound by the expediencies of any given Administration, any given policy, any given time—that he has the right and the necessity to examine everything. I would try to show him that one has not learned anything about Castro when one says, "He is a Communist." This is a way of *not* learning something about Castro, something about Cuba, something, in fact, about the world. I would suggest to him that he is living, at the moment, in an enormous province. America is not the world and if America is going to become a nation, she must find a way—and this child must help her to find a way—to use the tremendous potential and tremendous energy which this child represents. If this country does not find a way to use that energy, it will be destroyed by that energy.

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Aspen

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which have brought together each year leaders from architecture, graphic design, industrial design, education, corporate management, science, and city planning from all over the world. The conference was Mr. Paepcke's own idea, an outgrowth of his interests as chairman of the Container Corporation, which is regarded as one of the most design-conscious industrial concerns in the country. Plans to establish a year-round center of Visual Arts are in progress under the direction of Herbert Bayer, chairman of Container's department of design.

• The Aspen Health Center, an important adjunct to the Executive Program. Mr. Paepcke firmly believed in the Latin dictum, "a sound mind in a sound body." He regarded the Health Center's program as preventive medicine for people too busy in their daily affairs to spend much time keeping physically fit. The Center offers daily exercise sessions led by experienced physiotherapists, sauna and steam baths, massage, and the principal team recreation of the Executive Program—volleyball.

• Seminars on "The Public Understanding of the Role of Science in Society," held in 1962 and 1963 under grants from the National Science Foundation, designed to expose lay leaders to the fact that science dominates vital parts of the U.S. economy and a wide spectrum of intellectual activity in colleges and universities. The Aspen seminars did not seek to show that this state of affairs is good or bad, but merely that it is so. Among the subjects discussed at the seminars were: the problem of two opposed cultures delineated by C. P. Snow; the growing rift between humanities and science in America; the problem of "Big Science" versus small-scale individual research; increasing dominance by the federal government in science; implications of weapons research and stockpiling of scientists by defense industries; and political pressures brought to bear on basic research and experimentation.

• A new Center for Advanced Individual Studies, providing at the post-doctoral level an opportunity for scholars to pursue their individual work and to exchange ideas. In the summer of 1962, the Physics division was opened in a brand-new physics building. Forty-five scientists from twenty-four institutions worked there during the summer, usually several weeks at a time. All were recognized theorists in their own fields, but took part in one or more conferences on topics outside their own specialties. They also gave public lectures for lay persons interested in the latest physics research. The Institute also plans other divisions at the Center, notably for advanced scholars in the humanities. It will begin soon to operate on a year-round basis for scholars with sabbaticals, research grants, and other arrangements for independent study.

Walter Paepcke had left virtually nothing undone when he was fatally stricken with cancer in the winter of 1960. Through the Aspen Company and the Aspen Skiing Corporation, he had raised the capital necessary to restore the town, develop ski slopes, purchase land for the Aspen Institute—a 60-acre tract called the Meadows. Largely through his efforts, the Meadows property came to include not only Institute buildings, but also three chalets, a restaurant, a swimming pool, tennis courts, and the Health Center—all available to participants in the Institute's activities. Latest addition to the Institute's "campus" is the Paepcke Memorial Building finished last year. Designed by Herbert Bayer, it houses the Institute's administration offices, a library, an art gallery, and a 350-seat auditorium.

Mr. Paepcke surrounded himself with able people and laid the groundwork for a long-range financial program of Institute support by 200 individual and corporate contributor-members. Mrs. Paepcke, who had persuaded her husband to visit Aspen in 1945, was his partner in the Aspen undertaking and has been an enthusiastic participant in the Institute's activities. Since her husband's death she has been one of the Institute's trustees.

Mr. Paepcke hand-picked his successor—Robert O. Anderson of Roswell,

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A Humanist's Hope for America

I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty . . . an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business and statecraft. I look forward to an America which will steadily raise the standards of artistic accomplishment and which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens. And I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world not only for its strength but for its civilization as well.

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy, at a convocation in his honor at Amherst College on October 26, 1963.

New Mexico, a rancher, businessman, and chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas. Mr. Anderson says: "I went to Aspen to do some fishing, and I met Walter Paepcke. He ruined my fishing." Mr. Anderson fell victim to the same patient, persistent persuasion that had enticed Dr. Schweitzer from Lambarene and Ortega from Madrid to the Goethe Bicentennial.

Mr. Anderson succumbed to the lure of Aspen and the blandishments of Mr. Paepcke in 1952 and has been affiliated with the Institute ever since. He became president in 1957, when Mr. Paepcke became chairman of the board. Mr. Anderson remained president until Mr. Eurich's appointment last month, when he was elected chairman of the board. Like Mr. Paepcke, he too belives that business is a proper and necessary activity but also finds deeper satisfactions in managing an enterprise dedicated to examining questions that have confronted man since the dawn of reason and introspection.

An alumnus of the University of Chicago, Mr. Anderson gained there his love for the humanities, but he does not delude himself that moral and ethical values can be taught as a formal discipline like physics or chemistry or mathematics. "The quality of greatness is more a matter of character than of training," he said in a recent interview. "Aspen believes that man's sense of moral and ethical values has been and always will be one of the indispensable ingredients of a free society, and it is our aim to encourage the development of the moral sense."

Mr. Anderson's appreciation of his own responsibility as a beneficiary of the free enterprise system was dramatically illustrated by last month's announcement that he had put up the money for the annual Aspen Award. He emphasized that the search for a recipient will not be confined to the academic community. "The Aspen Award," he said, "is designed to recognize those creative persons who are contributing most to the clarification of the individual's role and his relationship to society." Leaders in intellectual and cultural fields throughout the world will be asked to nominate candidates for the Award. Final decision will be made by a board consisting of Lord Oliver Franks, provost of Worcester College, Oxford University; Henry Allen Moe, president of the American Philosophical Society; Frederick Burkhardt, president of the American Council of Learned Societies; William DeVane, president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa and former dean of Yale College; and Alvin C. Eurich, new president of the Aspen Institute.

Mr. Eurich brings to his new post a distinguished background in education and philanthropy. He was executive director of the Ford Foundation's education program since 1958 and vice president and director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education since 1951. Before joining Ford, Mr. Eurich served as first president of the State University of New York (1949-51), responsible for integrating thirty-four state colleges into a state university system. He also was executive vice president (1944-47) and acting president (1948) of Stanford University.

MR. Eurich, like his predecessors, brings to his new assignment impatience with inertia and unrelenting determination to accomplish the things he believes in. "I am convinced," he said in a letter to Mr. Anderson accepting the presidency of the Institute, "that we can make Aspen the outstanding international center in the humanities."

Those who know Mr. Eurich have no reason to doubt that he means what he says and will carry it out. Regarding the future of the Institute, he has said: "We agreed that our major concern should be to aim for the highest possible quality in everything we do. We don't want large numbers; we want Aspen to be distinctive in its purposes, people, and influence on the intellectual life of our time."

The recipient of the first Aspen Award will be invited to Aspen next summer to deliver a series of lectures, to be published as the first of the Aspen Papers. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Eurich hope the award will lead to establishment of an International Institute in the Humanities, with scholars in residence who could carry on research and writing and be available for discussions. A conference will be held next summer to lay the groundwork for such an International Institute.

Walter Paepcke was fond of quoting Plato's observation that what is honored in a country will be cultivated there, and the indications are that the Aspen Institute may do just that for the humanities.

"A Fighting Case of the Humanities"

I BELIEVE THE TIME has now arrived to establish a National Foundation for the Humanities and Arts, which will accomplish for this area what the National Science Foundation has accomplished for the sciences. As many of you doubtless know, legislation proposing such an institution—within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare—has been introduced in the Congress. Many educators have supported this bill, though some would perfer a different approach such as the creation of an independent agency, like the National Science Foundation itself.

I am less concerned with the location of such a foundation than with its early establishment. And I am not arguing that its budget match that of the National Science Foundation. But I am arguing that we do something at once to arrest the decline of the humanities. We cannot afford to let it continue.

Action will not come, however, without the biggest single need of all: a fighting case for the humanities.

—Thomas J. Watson, Jr., chairman of the board of International Business Machines Corporation, in an address at the Forty-Sixth annual meeting of the American Council on Education, Washington, D.C., October 3, 1963.

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Personal History

Continued from page 21

sionary and professor of philosophy, Robert Payne, who taught at the famous university of Kunming before the last war" bewildered at least one reader. She has some surprising statements about Chungking, where she visited "the small house where Mao hid on a hill among trees" standing opposite the hill where Chiang Kai-shek had his headquarters. Two hundred men were hidden in the house; there were secret rooms, and Mao's bed and table were reverently preserved. This is all very odd, for Mao came to Chungking openly and there was no reason for him to hide. But on the whole Mrs. Kazantzakis performs her duty faithfully. She fills in the gaps and throws an affectionate light on her husband.

The mystery, however, remains. Out of what despairs came this poet's harsh cry for discipline, his intolerance, his love for tyrants?

Shaftesbury and Soho

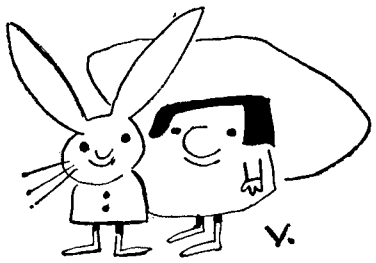
The Letters of David Garrick, *edited by David M. Little and George M. Kahrl (Harvard University Press. 3 vols, 1,418 pp. $35), brings to life the colorful career of the actor-manger who was a contemporary of Boswell, Johnson, and Hogarth. Robert Downing, a production stage manager for The Lincoln Center Repertory Company, is a theatre historian who has written for encyclopedias and periodicals.*

By ROBERT DOWNING

IN PERUSING the 1,362 examples gathered here, attesting to David Garrick's fondness for taking up his pen, the wonder grows that he had time to become the foremost actor of his day, to say nothing of the attention he gave to playwriting, managing, and socializing.

Garrick knew most of his outstanding contemporaries, not only in Britain but on the Continent, and corresponded regularly with many of them. All but fifty of his known communications have been assembled in this formidable collection, half of which had not been hitherto published.

Editor David M. Little died in 1954 during the preparation of this work. Both editors' acknowledgments of assistance testify to the care and scholarship exercised in their exhaustive undertaking. The volumes are handsomely made and choicely illustrated; but the reader must always appreciate the jungle of doubt through which the compilers had to hack their way to this final, reasonable, useful presentation of their material. Because of the age and the manner in which Garrick lived, literally hundreds of items, some unsigned,



had to be sifted again and again for authenticity.

As a result, not only is Garrick's time, which was also the period of Boswell, Burke, Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Hogarth, brilliantly reflected, but Garrick the man emerges with the best definition he has received. His wit, his patience, his temper, his ideals, his doubts, his family life, his approach to famous roles, his struggles and triumphs as a manager, his vanity, his objectivity, his many-faceted and nimble mind, his mortality in the face of immortality—all this is here to reward the reader who will take the time to proceed at a comfortable pace through these pages.

Appendices carry material relating to Mrs. Garrick (*née* Eva Maria Veigel, a Viennese ballerina), including a report of the impounding by customs of her favorite Calcutta chintz when it was en route to Chippendale's studio. (The Garricks' love for their villa at Hampton is reminiscent of the affection, taste, and originality that Jefferson bestowed upon Monticello.) Also in the final section of the work are documents pertaining to Garrick's tenure at Drury Lane Theatre, several letters of importance sent to him, and his will.

The extent of Garrick's worldly success is evident in his uncommonly large bequests, especially in view of the insolvent state in which many theatre people, even the most prominent, have passed away. Here was no "poor player," and the only "baseless fabric" in his experience must have been his wife's impounded chintz.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. autocratic 2. brutish. 3. acquaint. 4. futile. 5. gullible 6. nourish. 7. trusting. 8. musical. 9. hurricane. 10. crudity. 11. prudential. 12. sublime. 13. quarantine. 14. absurdity. 15. mourning. 16. furnish. 17. outside. 18. dubitable. 19. journalist. 20. laudation.

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What We Didn't Know

Continued from page 13

come increasingly difficult to bear. The further removed the concentration camps have become geographically and chronologically, and the more they contrast with my present way of life, the more do they occupy my mind. Through the Eichmann trial, the horrors of two decades ago were brought to the surface again. And surely I am not the only German for whom this revival of memories from the Hitler era is harder to bear than the real thing was.

But perhaps I am also more aware now of what happened at that time because I sense a parallel between the apathy that led to the existence of concentration camps and that which allows us today to accept propaganda without making an attempt to investigate the facts, leading us to accept, without protest, even without moral indignation, the necessity of producing instruments of mass murder.

If the lesson of Auschwitz has taught us at least to beware of apathy, has taught us the importance of informing ourselves, taught us to speak out, no matter how busy we are or how unpopular our opinion may be, then my friend who had given me her jacket, and millions like her, did not die entirely in vain.

For they taught us, too, that hate propaganda will not increase the world's chances for a lasting peace, that the only workable instruments are knowledge and understanding. It was these that were lacking in Nazi Germany, and it is these that must be reinforced today if war is to be avoided. The answer, I am certain, lies in the free movement of information and people, on a world-wide basis, so that no person anywhere need ever lack a basis for comparison, as those of us in Nazi Germany did two decades ago. There is not likely to be a war so long as our opponents have an opportunity to know us as we are, and to see the truth behind the propaganda, and there is not likely to be genuine peace until we can know each other, not as Russians, Americans, Chinese, French, or British, but as people.

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STUDENTS 16-19—Speak French next summer. Live six weeks with vacationing French families. Two-week holiday with French students. Daily lessons. Language Holidays Abroad, 300 Central Park West, NYC 24. SUsquehanna 7-1888.

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LOW COST College and Pre-college Study Tour Programs, including French and Spanish Language, European or Latin American Politics and Economics, Italian Art Seminar—all programs feature study and travel. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRB, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016, or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

INFORMAL, RELAXED TRAVEL—Europe by station wagon, train. College, high school groups of 8, 16. Some include month of language study. Vacation stops, biking, festivals. STUDENTS ABROAD, Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

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SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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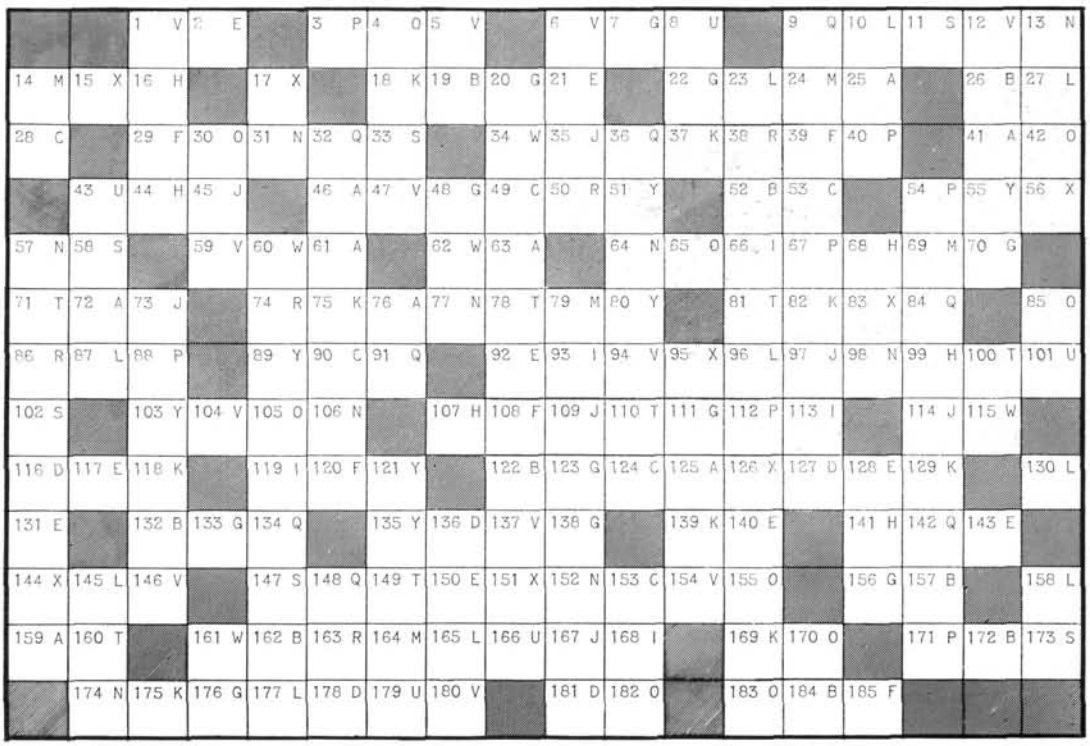
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Snowy, with a silver glow (comp.).	46 63 76 72 25 159 41 61 125
B. Departs in haste (2 wds.; slang: WNI, 2nd ed.); prescribed bedtime for persons living under discipline (comp.; WNI, 3rd ed.).	184 172 162 26 132 122 157 19 52
C. Commander of the *Monitor* in the Civil War (1818-1897).	28 53 124 153 49 90
D. Specifying one ball no gayer than usual even at holiday time.	136 178 127 116 181
E. *Cursorius gallicus.*	143 150 117 92 128 140 2 131 21
F. Special utensil for wiping dry anything wet.	29 39 120 108 185
G. Scanty fashion now revived from 54 years ago (2 wds.).	20 7 70 176 123 133 22 138 111 48 156
H. Possibly the least common accredited spelling of a popular greeting.	141 68 16 107 44 99
I. Disbursement.	93 66 168 113 119
J. Maternal relationship.	73 167 97 45 35 114 109
K. County, city or river in NW central Washington.	118 75 139 129 169 18 82 37 175
L. Transversely.	27 87 96 165 158 23 145 10 177 130

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Amer. naval officer, made his vessel first temperance ship in U. S. Navy (1806-63).	14 164 24 69 79
N. Focus of interest in Christmas decoration of the home, church, etc. (2 wds.).	77 106 31 57 98 152 174 13 64
O. Partly open (comp.).	30 183 85 170 105 4 182 42 155 65
P. Conjure, fascinate.	88 112 67 171 3 40 54
Q. Excessively cruel or malign.	9 142 134 148 91 32 36 84
R. Miss Massey, motion-picture star born in Hungary (given name).	38 50 86 163 74
S. Bird of genus *Lanius*, chiefly insect feeders.	173 58 33 11 147 102
T. Noisy, rapid, shuffling dance, esp. one engaged in competitively by groups.	78 149 160 110 71 81 100
U. Decree.	8 43 166 101 179
V. Noisy clatter climaxing in a single very loud sound (comp.).	94 137 1 12 5 47 6 180 59 104 146 154
W. Ordinary dress as disting. from a uniform, etc.	34 60 115 62 161
X. Act of cleansing or washing the person.	56 95 151 15 83 17 144 126
Y. Subject of annual celebration (2 wds.).	121 55 135 51 103 89 80

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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